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O F T H E

Rev. Mr. John Wesley's

J O U R N A L,

F R O M

MAY 6, 1760, to OCT. 28, 1762.



B R I S T O L :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PINF, 1767.



TO THE READER

I am sensible, there are many persons
in the ensuing Journal, which
some serious persons will not believe, and
which others will turn to ridicule. But
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those things which I have in my doubt-
ful duty to conceal. I have done other-
wise, that I have had to
do with the Work of
God, and the
things which I have
thought fit to
bring forth to
the light of day.
I have only to desire, That those who
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who think with me, That this was the
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selves partakers of all the great and preci-
ous promises; and that without delay;
seeing Now is the accepted time! Now is the
day of salvation!



London,

Jan 31. 1763.



TO THE READER.

I Am sensible, there are many particulars in the ensuing Journal, which some serious persons will not believe, and which others will turn to ridicule. But this I cannot help, unless by concealing those things, which I believe it my bounden duty to declare. I cannot do otherwise, while I am persuaded, that this was a real Work of God: and that he hath so wrought this, and all *his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance.* I have only to desire, That those who think differently from me, will bear with me, as I do with them: and that those who think with me, That this was the most glorious Work of God, which has ever been wrought in our memory, may be encouraged to expect to be themselves partakers of all the great and precious promises: and that without delay; seeing *Now is the accepted time! Now is the day of salvation!*

LONDON,
Jan. 31, 1767.



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JOHN WESTER

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A N
E X T R A C T
O F T H E
Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's
J O U R N A L.

TUESDAY, May 6. I had much Conversation (at *Carrickfergus*) with *Monf. Cavenac*, the *French General*, not on the circumstances, but the essence of religion. He seemed to startle at nothing; but said more than once, and with much emotion, "Why, this is my religion! there is no true religion besides it."

Wednesday 7. I rode to *Larn*. The rain which had continued with little intermission for several days stopped this afternoon: so that I had a very large as well as serious congregation. And I spoke to them with the utmost plainness. But I could not find the way to their hearts.

Thursday 8. We rode over the mountains to *Ballinena*, and had just passed thro' the town, when a man came running out of the field, called me by my name, and pressed me much to preach there. But I could not stay, having appointed one to meet me at *Portlo-nane*, which he accordingly did, and brought me to *Mr. Burrows*, near *Garvah*.

Friday 9. A little rest was acceptable. Saturday 10. I preached morning and evening in Mr. B—'s house, to a well-behaved congregation, tho' of various denominations, Churchmen, Papists, Presbyterians, Cameronians. One Seceder likewise ventured in; but the moment he heard, "Our Father which art in heaven," he ran away with all speed.

Sunday 11. We had such a congregation in the church, as perhaps had not been there in this century. And I believe God reached some of their hearts: several were in tears. I spoke extremely plain; especially to those who were full of their own wisdom and righteousness.

Monday 12. Returning thro' *Ballinena*, I preached in the market-house to a large concourse of people. And God was there of a truth. I have found no such spirit in any congregation since I left *Dublin*. Thence I rode to *Moyra* and preached to a very civil congregation. But there is no life in them!

Tuesday 13. My *Irish* horse was thro'ly tired. However with much difficulty, partly riding, and partly walking, about eight in the evening I reached *Coot-hill*. I preach'd in the house now, and at five in the morning; but at eleven in the market-house, where I delivered my own soul, to most of the protestants in the town.

Having procured a fresh horse, I rode on to *Belurbet*, a town in which there is neither Papist, nor Presbyterian. But to supply that defect, there are sabbath-breakers, drunkards and common-swearers in abundance. Thursday 15. We rode thro' a delightful country to *Swadling-bar*, famed for its mineral waters. Soon after my new horse began to tire, so that it was with much difficulty I got to *Sligo*.

Friday 16. I walked round the ruins of the abbey, formerly one of the largest in the kingdom. The walls of it are standing, and three sides of the cloysters are entire. But you can scarce tread, either within or without, unless you will step upon sculls or human bones, which are every where scattered

up and down, as dung upon the earth. Surely no other nation, Christian or Heathen, would endure this!

In the evening the congregation was a little disturbed by two or three giddy officers. I spoke to them and they stopped: but they soon recovered their spirits, and behaved—as they used to do at church!

Sunday 18. I preached at nine to a large congregation, who all seemed to hear with understanding. At five in the evening they were not less attentive, tho' abundantly more numerous. On Monday we met, for the last time, between four and five. Many were deeply affected, and all received the word with all readiness of mind. But which of these will bring forth fruit with patience? God only knoweth.

Monday 19. We rode to Castle-barr, where I preached in the evening. I was particularly concerned for the poor backsliders. It seems as if most of us said in our hearts, "If they have a mind to go to hell, let them go." Not so: rather let us pluck the brands, willing or unwilling, out of the burning!

Thursday 22. I rode to Newport, and preached at seven in the evening. I suppose all the Protestants in the town were present, and many of the Papists, notwithstanding the prohibition and bitter curses of their priests. So has God spread the line from sea to sea, from Dublin on the east, to this place on the western ocean.

May the 25th, being Whitfunday, Mr. Ellison desired me to assist him at the Lord's supper. Tuesday 27, there was a remarkable trial here. A Swedish ship, being leaky, put into one of our harbours. The Irish, according to custom, ran to plunder her. A neighbouring gentleman hindered them, and for so doing demanded a fourth part of her cargo. And this, they say, *The law allows!* But where, meantime, is the law of God?

To

To hear this cause all the gentlemen of the country were come to *Castle-barr*. It was to be heard in the court-house, where I preached. So they met an hour sooner, and heard the sermon first. Who knows but even some of these may be found of Him they sought not?

Wednesday 28. I rode to *Hollymount*, and the next day to *Aghrim*, where were a people alive to God. I told them plainly what things they wanted still. And surely God will supply all their wants!

Trinity-Sunday, June 1. I preached about nine in the market-house at *Athlone*, on *There are three that bear record in heaven—and these three are one*. Afterwards, at the minister's desire, I read prayers in the church, and in the evening preached on the *Con-naught* side of the river, on *Ye must be born again*. Both Papist and Protestants attended. And some seemed cut to the heart.

Tuesday 3. I met the classes and was agreeably surprized, to find that bitterness against the church, with which many were infected when I was here before, was now entirely over. Yet the deadness which it had occasioned, remained, and I doubt it will not soon be removed.

Friday 6. I preached in the evening at *Ahaskra*, where the bulk of the congregation were Papists. Yet the decency of their behaviour was such as might have made many Protestants ashamed.

Sunday 8. I rode over to *Aghrim* again. Understanding the rector had none to assist in the service, I offered to read prayers for him, which he willingly accepted. Immediately after the church service, I preached to a numerous congregation, and returned to *Athlone*, soon enough to speak once more to a large concourse of all ranks and religions. But great part of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke, neither taught of God, nor man.

Monday 9. About one I preached at *Abidarrig*, and then rode on to *Longford*. The town was so thronged by reason of the approaching fair, that we had much ado to pass. But this increased the evening

evening congregation much : among whom was Dr. *Hort*, then rector of the parish, a learned, sensible, pious man, and a pattern both for clergy and laity.

Tuesday 10. I rode to *Drumersnaive*, a village delightfully situated. Almost the whole town, Protestants and Papists were present at the sermon in the evening : and a great part of them in the morning : But O ! how few of them will bear fruit to perfection !

At noon *William Ley*, *James Glasbrook* and I rode to *Carrick upon Shannon*. In less than an hour, an esquire and justice of the peace, came down with a drum and what mob he could gather. I went into the garden with the congregation, while he was making a speech to his followers in the street. He then attacked *William Ley*, (who stood at the door) being armed with an halbert and long sword ; and ran at him with the halbert, but missing his thrust, he then struck at him, and broke it short upon his wrist. Having made his way thro' the house to the other door, he was at a full stop. *James Glasbrook* held it fast on the other side. While he was endeavouring to force it open, one told him, I was preaching in the garden. On this he quitted the door in haste, ran round the house, and with part of his retinue, climbed over the wall into the garden ; and with a whole volley of oaths and curses declared, "You shall not preach here to-day." I told him. "Sir, I do not intend it ; for I have preached already." This made him ready to tear the ground. Finding he was not to be reasoned with, I went into the house. Soon after he revenged himself on *James Glasbrook*, (by breaking the truncheon of his halbert on his arm) and on my hat, which he beat and kick'd most valiantly. But a gentleman rescued it out of his hands, and we rode quietly out of the town.

After preaching to several of the intermediate societies in the way, on Saturday 14, I came to *Tyrrels-pass*, and found several of our friends, who were come from various parts. Sunday 15. I preach'd at

eight and at twelve, (there being no service at the church.) A heap of fine gay people came in their post-chaises to the evening preaching. I spoke very plain, but the words seemed to fly over them. *Gal-
lia cared for none of these things.*

Monday 16. I preached in the evening in the long shady walk at *Edinderry*, to such a congregation as I had not seen there for many years. And God gave an edge to his word, both this evening and the next morning. He can work, even among these dry bones.

Wednesday 18. I designed to preach in the market-house at *Portarlinton*. But it was pre-engaged for a ball. So I preached, and with much comfort, in our own room: as also, at five in the morning. I preached at ten, for the sake of the gentry. But it was too early: they could not rise so soon.

In the afternoon I rode to *Mountmelick*. The rain was suspended in the evening, while I exhorted a large congregation, to *walk in the old paths*. Many Papists appeared to be quite astonished: some of them almost persuaded to *walk therein*. The next evening I preached in the market-place, for the sake of the rich, who could hear there, without impeachment to their honour. And some were deeply affected. Surely the thorns will not choak all the good seed!

Saturday 21. The congregation at *Tullamore* was near as large as at *Mountmelick*. At eight in the morning, Sunday 22, it was much increased, but much more at one. And I have reason to believe, that God at this time touched several careless hearts. I rode from thence to *Coolylough*, and found a congregation gathered from twenty miles round. It rained when I began to preach: but none offered to go away. And God did indeed send a gracious rain upon his inheritance, and comforted the souls of his servants.

Monday 23. Being the quarterly meeting, the stewards from all the country societies were present, a company of settled, sensible men. Nothing is wanting

wanting in this kingdom but zealous, active preachers, tenacious of order, and exact discipline.

Tuesday 24. I took horse early, and at ten preached at *Cloughan*, about 24 miles from *Coolylough*. We afterwards rode thro' *Longford*, but did not stop, as the day was cool and pleasant. About two we were unawares encompassed with a multitude of Papists, coming out of their mass-house. One of them knowing me soon alarmed the rest, who set up a hideous roar, and drew up in battle-array. But we galloped thro' them, and went on to *Drumershave*, where I preached in the evening, and the next day, Wednesday 25, rode on to *Sligo*.

Never did I see a fairer prospect of good than here. But blossoms are not fruit. As large if not a larger congregation than before, was at the market-place in the evening. I was exceeding weary, having rode an extremely dull horse: but I soon forgot my weariness, seeing so many young and old, rich and poor, receiving the word with all gladness.

Thursday 26. I preached at five in a large commodious room, which has been procured since I was here last. I breakfasted at Mr. A—'s and dined at Mr. —: but two such families I have seldom seen. They had feared God for many years, and served him in the best manner they knew. Nothing was wanting but that they should hear the *more excellent way*, which they then embraced with all their heart.

Friday 27. Our morning congregation was doubled. Mr. D— did not fail to be there, tho' it seemed strange to him at first, when mention was made of preaching at five in the morning. In the evening we had a still larger congregation, and I believe, God applied his word. Some trembled, others wept. Surely some of these shall know, *there is balm in Gilead*.

Saturday 28. At five the congregation was larger than ever it had been at that hour. After breakfast I rode out with Mr. K. and Mr. D: who hearing I

was

was ill-mounted, desired me to make use of one of his horses, during my stay in Ireland.

In the evening (it being market-day, so that the market-house was full of people) I wrote a line to the Colonel, who readily gave me the liberty of preaching in the Barrack-yard. He likewise came to hear himself, as did several of the officers. It was a solemn conclusion of the happiest birth-day, which I have known for many years.

Sunday 29. We had a solemn meeting of the society at five. At eight I preached again in the barrack-yard. And I did not observe a trifle there. They all seemed to hear as for life. To-day I saw an odd instance of the force of example. When we were at church in the morning, scarce any one either sung or stood at the psalms, so that I was almost alone therein. But in the afternoon almost every one stood up: and most of them sung, or endeavoured so to do. After service I went directly to the market-house, and enforced those solemn words, *What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*

Mr. D— had left us at six in the morning, in order to serve his cure. But about ten at night he came back, and was with me soon after four, importuning me to stay another day. But as my Journeys were short, I cou'd not do that, without disappointing several congregations. Now was the general call for the town of Sligo. And many did receive the word with joy. But the greatest part had no root in themselves. What fruit then could be expected from them?

Monday 30. I have rarely seen so heavy rain in Europe, as we had in the way to Tubber-curraugh. I was quickly wet to my toe's end: but the day clearing, I was dry again in a few hours. We had a very large congregation at Castle-barr in the evening: and many seemed almost persuaded to be Christians. O what does it avail, almost to hit the mark? Almost to escape the damnation of hell?

Tuesday

Tuesday, July 1. We took horse about four. And it was well we did. For our seven and thirty Irish miles, so called, were little less than seventy English. I preached at a friend's house soon after three: and then procuring a fresh horse, about the size of a jack-ass, I rode on, with more ease than state, to *Aghrim*.

Wednesday 2. We rode on to *Eyre-court*, where many threatened great things: but all vanished into air. I preached at ten in the court-house. Col. *Eyre* was there, and several other persons of fashion. In the evening I preached at *Eirr*, with more satisfaction than for several years; finding many more alive to God than ever, and provoking one another to love and to good works. I had purposed to set out early in the morning; but their love constrained me to stay a day longer. So I had leisure to compleat the account of the societies. At present the societies in *Connaught* contain little more than two hundred members: those in *Ulster*, about two hundred and fifty; those in *Leinster*, a thousand.

Friday 4. I took my ease, riding in a chaise to *Limerick*, where on Saturday 5, ten of us met in a little conference. By the blessing of God we were all of one mind, particularly, with regard to the church. Even *J—D—* has not now the least thought of leaving it, but attends there, be the minister good or bad. On Tuesday 8, having settled all our little affairs, we parted in much love.

Wednesday 9, I rode over to *Killaheen*, a German settlement, near twenty miles south of *Limerick*. It rained all the way, but the earnestness of the poor people made us quite forget it. In the evening I preached to another colony of Germans at *Ballygarane*. The third is at *Court-matras*, a mile from *Killaheen*. I suppose three such towns are scarce to be found again in *England* or *Ireland*. There is no cursing or swearing, no sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house in any of them. How will these poor foreigners rise up in the judgment against those that are round about them!

Friday 11. I preached in the new house at *Clare*, to a genteel congregation. What a contrast between these and the poor people at *Killeheen*! We had a still more genteel congregation, the next morning at nine in the court-house at *Ennis*, to whom I spoke with all plainness. I did the same on Sunday morning: so if they hear me no more, I am clear of their blood. I took my leave of them at *Clare* in the afternoon, and in the evening returned to *Limerick*.

Wednesday 16. I rode to *Newmarket*, which was another German settlement. But the poor settlers with all their diligence and frugality, could not procure even the coarsest food to eat, and the meanest raiment to put on, under their merciful landlords! So that most of these, as well as of those at *Balligarane*, have been forced to seek bread in other places: some of them in distant parts of *Ireland*, but the greater part in *America*.

Thursday 17. I met the classes at *Limerick*, and found a considerable decrease. And how can it be otherwise, when vice flows as a torrent, unless the children of God are all life, zeal, activity? In hopes of quickening them, I preached at seven in the old camp, to more than twice the usual congregation: which the two next evenings was more numerous still, and equally attentive. I was well pleased to see a little army of soldiers there, and not a few of their officers. Nor did they behave as unconcerned hearers, but like men that really desired to save their souls.

Sunday 20. I took my leave of that comfortable place, where some thousands of people were assembled. I have seen no such sight since I came to the kingdom. They not only filled all the lower ground, but compleatly covered the banks that surround it, tho' they stood as close as possible. I exhorted them to *ask for the old paths, and walk therein*, that they might *find rest to their souls*. We had afterwards a solemn meeting of the society, in confidence that God would revive his work.

Monday

Monday 21. I left *Limerick*, and about noon preached at *Shronill*, near a great house which a gentleman built many years ago. But he cannot yet afford to finish it, having only thirty thousand a year, and some hundred thousands in ready money!

“The beggars but a common lot deplore:
The rich-poor man’s emphatically poor.”

At six I preached at the camp near *Caire*, to a large and serious congregation of soldiers. Thence we rode on to *Clonmell*, where I preached near the barracks at eight in the morning, to a wild, staring people; but quiet perforce: for the soldiers kept them in awe. We rode in the afternoon to *Waterford*, where our friends had procured a commodious place, inclosed on all sides. I preached there three evenings, with great hope of doing good. Our large room was full every morning. O why should we despair of any souls whom God hath made?

Thursday 24. I looked over that well-wrote book, Mr. Smith’s “State of the county and city of *Waterford*.” He plainly shews, that twelve hundred years ago, *Ireland* was a flourishing kingdom. It seems to have been declining almost ever since; especially after it was torne into several independent kingdoms. Thenceforward it grew more and more wild and barbarous, for several hundred years. In queen *Elizabeth*’s time it began to revive. And it increased greatly both in trade and inhabitants, till the deadly blow, which commenced on October 23, 1641. Three hundred thousand Protestants, by a moderate computation, were then destroyed in less than a year: and more than twice as many Papists, within a few years following. Most of these were adults: and this was a loss, which the nation has not recovered yet. Nay, it will probably require another century, to restore the number of inhabitants it had before.

Friday 25. I preached once more near the barracks in *Clonmell*, and the next morning took horse at four. About eleven the sun was scorching hot,

'till a little cloud rose and covered us 'till we were near *Rathearmuck*. Here we rested two hours, and then rode on (mostly shaded by flying clouds) to *Cork*.

Sunday 27. The house was well filled: but I expect small increase of the work of God 'till we preach abroad. Thursday 31. I rode to *Bandon*: but my good, old friend, Mrs. *Jones*, did not stay for my coming. She was released out of life some weeks ago, in the seventy-second year of her age. I preached as usual in the main street, to a large and attentive congregation. And they were nearly doubled the next evening; yet all behaved with the utmost decency. The market obliged me to preach in the house on Saturday in the afternoon, a very neat and lightsome building. Having spent the time I proposed here, with much satisfaction, in the evening I returned to *Cork*.

Sunday, August the 3d, I had wrote to the commanding officer, for leave to preach near the barracks. But he was just gone out of town. So I was obliged once more to coop myself up in the room. Monday 4. Knowing by the experiment I made two years since, that it was an entertainment above the taste of our evening congregation, I read some select letters at five in the morning, to those who desired to hear them. And many of them were not a little comforted, and established in the ways of God.

Thursday 7. In the afternoon I set out for *Kinsale*. In the way a violent storm drove us into a little hut, where a poor woman was very thankful for physical advice, and another for a little money to buy her food. The sky then clearing, we soon reached *Kinsale*, where I preached at six in the exchange, to a multitude of soldiers, and not a few of the dull, careless town's-folk. At five in the morning, it being a field-day, the soldiers could not attend. But I had a large and serious congregation notwithstanding. Surely good might be done here also, would our preachers always preach in the exchange,

change, as they may without any molestation, instead of a little, ugly, dirty garter.

About nine, a sharp storm having put an end to their exercise, I went to the soldiers in the field. I stood so near the intrenchments of the fort, that they could hear within as well as without. The sun indeed shone extremely hot on my head; but presently a cloud interposed. And when I began to be chill (for the wind was high and sharp) it removed, till I wanted it again. How easily may we see the hand of God, in small things as well as great? And why should a little, pointleis rainlie make us ashamed to acknowledge it?

In the evening I preached to the usual congregation in the main street at *Bandon*, on *Her ways are ways of pleasantness*, and *all her paths peace*. The congregation was near twice as large at five in the morning, as it was last week, when I preached an hour later. Sunday 10: After preaching at seven, in an house crouded within and without, I left this comfortable place, and went back to *Cork*. I had a desire to preach abroad in the evening; but the weather would not permit. When the society met, a person hugely daubed with gold, thrust violently in. By his appearance I should have judged him to be some nobleman. But I was afterward informed, it was Dr *Taylor*.

On Monday and Tuesday I took an account of the society, and was grieved, tho' not surprized, to find such a declension. I left two hundred and ninety members: I find only two hundred and thirty three. And what will the end be, unless those that remain, learn to bear one another's burdens? adding to those in the other provinces, about six hundred who are in *Munster*, the whole number is a little above two thousand.

Our evening congregations this week were smaller than usual: as the gentry were engaged in a more important affair. A company of players were in town. However many of them came on Friday: for a watch-night was newer to them than a comedy.

Monday 18. Being advised from *Dublin*, that Capt. *Dansey* (with whom I desired to sail) would sail on the 10th or 20th; I took horse early, and reached *Clonmell* between five and six in the evening. I took my usual stand near the barrack-gate; but had abundantly more than my usual congregation, as it was the affize week, so that the town was extremely full of gentry as well as common people.

Tuesday 19. We had many light showers, which cooled the air, and laid the dust. We dined at *Kilkenny*, noble in ruins: I see no such remains of magnificence in the kingdom. The late Duke of *Ormond's* house, on the top of a rock, hanging over the river, the antient cathedral, and what is left of many grand buildings, yield a melancholy pleasure.

Thus

"A little power, a little sway,

A sun-beam in a winter's day,

Is all the great and mighty have

Between the cradle and the grave!"

We lodged at *Castle-dermot*, and reached *Dublin* on Wednesday 20, but Capt. *Dansey* was not to sail this week. I then enquired for a *Chester* ship, and found one, which was expected to sail on Friday morning. But on Friday morning, the captain sent us word, "He must wait for general *Mountague*." So in the afternoon I rode over to the *Skirries*, where the Packet lay. But before I came thither, the wind, which was fair before, shifted to the east, and blew a storm. I saw the hand of God, and after resting a while, rode chearfully back to *Dublin*. It being the watch-night, I came just in time, to spend a comfortable hour with the congregation. O how good it is, to have no choice of our own, but to leave all things to the will of God!

Saturday 23. The captain of the *Chester* ship sent word, "The general would not go, and he would sail the next morning." So we have one day more to spend in *Ireland*. Let us "Live this day, as it were our Last!"

Sunday

Sunday 24. At seven I took leave of my friends, and about noon embarked in the *Nonpareil* for *Chester*. We had forty or fifty passengers on board, half of whom were cabin passengers. I was afraid we should have an uneasy time, in the midst of such a croud of gentry. We sailed out with a fair wind, but at four in the afternoon it failed and left us in a dead calm. I then made the gentlemen an offer of preaching, which they thankfully accepted. While I was preaching the wind sprung up fair: but the next day we were becalmed again. In the afternoon they desired me to give them another sermon, and again the wind sprung up while I was speaking, and continued till, about noon on Tuesday, we landed at *Parkgate*.

Being in haste, I would not stay for my own horse, which I found could not land till low water. So I bought one, and having hired another, set forward without delay. We reached *Whitchurch* that evening. **Wednesday 27.** We breakfasted at *Newport*, where finding our horses begin to fail, we thought it best to take the *Birmingham* road that if they should fail us altogether, we might stay among our friends. But they would go no farther than *Wolverhampton*; so we hired fresh horses there, and immediately set out for *Worcester*. But one of them soon after fell, and gave me such a shock, (tho' I did not quit my seat) that I was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose, which nothing we could apply would stop, so we were obliged to go a foot-pace for two miles, and then stay at *Broadwater*.

Thursday 28. Soon after we set out, the other horse fell lame. An honest man at *Worcester* found this was caused by a bad shoe. A smith cured this by a new shoe: but at the same time, by paring the hoof too close, he effectually lamed the other foot, so that we had hard work to reach *Glocester*. After resting here a while, we pushed on to *Newport*: where I took a chaise, and reached *Bristol* before eleven.

I spent the two following days with the preachers, who had been waiting for me all the week.

And

And their love and unanimity was such as soon made me forget all my labour.

Monday, Sept. 1. I set out for *Cornwall*, preaching at *Shepton*, *Middlesey* and *Tiverton* in the way. Wednesday 3. I reached *Lanceston*, and found the small remains of a dead, scattered society. And no wonder, as they have had scarce any discipline, and only one sermon in a fortnight. On Friday 5. I found just such another society at *Camelford*. But their deadness here was owing to bitterness against each other; in the morning I heard the contending parties face to face: and they resolved and promised on all sides, to let past things be forgotten. O how few have learned to forgive one another, as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us?

Saturday 6. We had an exceeding lively congregation in the evening at *Trewalder*. Indeed all the society stands well, and adorns the doctrine of God our Saviour. Sunday 7. At eight I preached again, and was much comforted. I then rode to *Port-Isaac* church, and had the satisfaction of hearing an excellent sermon. After service I preached at a small distance from the church, to a numerous congregation: and to a far more numerous one in the town, at five in the afternoon.

In examining this society, I found much reason to bless God on their behalf. They diligently observe all the rules of the society, with or without a preacher. They constantly attend the church and sacrament, and meet together at the times appointed. The consequence is, that thirty out of thirty-five, their whole number, continue to walk in the light of God's countenance.

Monday 8. A gentleman followed me to my Inn at *St. Colomb's*, and carried me to his house, where were three or four more as friendly as himself. One of them rode with me seven or eight miles, and gave me a pleasing account, of two young clergymen, *Mr. C—* and *Mr. Phelps*, who had the care of three adjoining parishes. Surely God has a favour for the people of these parts! He gives them to serious,

zealous,

zealous, lively preachers. By these and the Methodists together, the line is now laid, with no considerable interruption, all along the north sea, from the eastern point of *Cornwall* to the *Land's-End*. In a while, I trust, there will be no more cause on these coasts, to accuse *Britannos hospitibus feros*.

The congregation at *St. Agnes* in the evening was, I suppose, double to that at *Port-Isaac*. We had near as many, Tuesday 9, at five in the morning, as the Preaching-house could contain. Afterward I examined the society, and was surprized and grieved to find, that out of ninety eight persons, all but three or four had forsaken the Lord's table. I told them my thoughts very plain: they seemed convinced, and promised no more to give place to the devil.

Wednesday 10. I had much conversation with Mr. *Phelps*, a man of an humble, loving, tender spirit. Between him on the one hand and the Methodists on the other, most in the parish are now awakened. Let but our brethren have zeal according to knowledge, and few will escape them both.

When I came to *St. Ives*, I was determined to preach abroad: but the wind was so high, I could not stand where I had intended. But we found a little inclosure near it, one end of which was native rock, rising ten or twelve feet perpendicular, from which the ground fell with an easy descent. A jetting out of the rock, about four feet from the ground, gave me a very convenient pulpit. Here well nigh the whole town, high and low, rich and poor assembled together. Nor was there a word to be heard, or a smile seen, from one end of the congregation to the other. It was just the same the three following evenings. Indeed I was afraid on Saturday, that the roaring of the sea, raised by the north wind, would have prevented their hearing. But God gave me so clear and strong a voice, that I believe scarce one word was lost.

Sunday 14. At eight I chose a large ground, the sloping side of a meadow, where the congregation stood,

'stood, row above row, so that all might see as well as hear. It was a beautiful sight. Every one seemed to take to himself what was spoken. I believe every backslider in the town was there. And surely God was there, to *heal their backslidings*.

I began at Zennor, as soon as the church service ended: I suppose scarce six persons went away. Seeing many there who did once run well, I addressed myself to them in particular. The spirit of mourning was soon poured out: and some of them wept bitterly. O that the Lord may yet return unto them, and *leave a blessing behind him!*

At five I went once more into the ground at *St. Ives*, and found such a congregation, as I think was never seen in any place before (*Gwenap* excepted) in this county. Some of the chief of the town were now not in the skirts, but in the thickest of the people. The clear sky, the setting sun, the smooth still water, all agreed with the state of the audience. Is any thing too hard for God? May we not well say, in every sense,

“Thou dost the raging sea controll
And smooth the prospect of the deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.”

Monday 15. I enquired concerning the uncommon storm, which was here on March 9, the last year. It began near the *Land's-End*, between nine and ten at night, and went eastward, not above a mile broad, over *St. Just*, *Morva*, *Zennor*, *St. Ives* and *Gwinnear*, whence it turned northward, over the sea. It uncovered all the houses in its way, and was accompanied with impetuous rain. About a mile south-east from *St. Ives*, it tore up a rock, twelve or fourteen ton weight from the top of a rising ground, and whirled it down upon another, which it split through, and at the same time dashed itself in pieces. It broke down the pinnacles of *Gwinnear* church, which forced their way thro' the roof.

And

And it was remarkable, the rain which attended it, was as salt as any sea-water.

At one I preached in *Maddern* parish, and then rode to *St. Just*. I have not seen such a congregation here, for twice seven years. Abundance of backsliders being present, I chiefly applied to them. Some of them smiled at first; but it was not long before their mirth was turned into mourning. And I believe few, if any, went away, without a witness from God, that he *willeth not the death of a sinner*.

Tuesday 16. At five the room was near full: and the great power of God was in the midst of them. It was now accompanied with one unusual effect: the mouth of those whom it most affected, was literally stopped. Several of them came to me, and could not speak one word: very few could utter three sentences. I re-joined to the society ten or eleven backsliders, and added some new members. Here (as at *Port-Isaac*, *St. Agnes*, and *St. Ives*) we are called to thankfulness: at most other places, to patience.

All the day it blew a storm: and in the evening, tho' the rain ceased, the furious wind continued. I ordered all the windows of the preaching-house to be set open, so that most could hear without as well as within. I preached on, *He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax*. And again God applied his word, both to wound, and to heal them that were already wounded.

About this time I wrote the following letter.

To the Editor of the London Chronicle.

SIR, Sept. 17, 1760.

As you sometimes insert things of a religious nature in your paper, I shall count it a favour, if you will insert this.

"SOME years ago I published *A Letter to Mr. Law*, and about the same time *An Address to the Clergy*. Of the former Mr. Law gives the following account, in his *Collection of Letters*, lately published.

"To answer Mr. Wesley's letter seems to be quite needless,

needless, because there is nothing substantial or properly argumentative in it. I was once a kind of oracle to Mr. W—. I judged him to be much under the power of his *own spirit*. To this was owing the false censure which he published against the Mystics, as enemies to Good Works, p. 128, 130. His letter is such a juvenile composition of emptiness and pertness, as is below the character of any man, who had been serious in religion for half a month. It was not ability, but necessity, that put his pen into his hand. He had preached much against my books; and forbid his people the use of them; and for a cover of all this, he promised, from time to time, to write against them: therefore an answer was to be made at all adventures. He and the Pope conceive the same reasons for condemning the mystery revealed by *Jacob Behme*, p. 190.

Of the latter, he gives this account. 'The pamphlet you sent is worse than no advice at all; but infinitely beyond Mr. Wesley's *Babylonish Address to the Clergy*; almost all of which is empty babble, fitter for an old *Grammarian*, that was grown *blear-eyed* in mending dictionaries, than for one who had tasted of the powers of the world to come,' p. 198.

I leave others to judge, Whether an answer to that letter be quite needless or no; and whether there be any thing *substantial* in it: but certainly there is something *argumentative*. The very queries relating to *Jacob's* philosophy, are arguments, though not in form; and perhaps most of them will be thought conclusive arguments, by impartial readers. Let these likewise judge if there are not arguments in it (whether conclusive or no) relating to that entirely new system of Divinity, which he has *revealed* to the world.

It is true, that Mr. Law, whom I love and reverence now, was once 'a kind of oracle to me.' He thinks I am still 'under the power of my *own spirit*,' as opposed to the Spirit of God. If I am, yet my censure of the Mystics is not at all owing to this, but to my reverence for the oracles of God, which, while

while I was fond of them, I regarded less and less; till at length, finding I could not follow both, I exchanged the Mystic writers for the Scriptural.

It is sure, in exposing the Philosophy of *Behme*, I use ridicule as well as argument; and yet I trust I have, by the Grace of God, been in some measure 'serious in Religion,' not 'half a month' only, but ever since I was six years old, which is now about half a century. I do not know that the Pope has condemned him at all, or that he has any reason to do. My reason is this, and no other; I think he contradicts Scripture, Reason, and Himself; and that he has seduced many unwary souls from the Bible-way of salvation. A strong conviction of this, and a desire to guard others against that dangerous seduction, laid me under a necessity of writing that letter. I was under no other necessity; tho' I doubt not but Mr. Law heard I was, and very seriously believed it. I very rarely mention his books in public; nor are they in the way of one in an hundred of those whom he terms *My People*; meaning, I suppose, the people called *Methodists*. I had therefore no temptation, any more than power, to forbid the use of them to the *Methodists* in general. Whosoever informed Mr. Law of this wanted either ability or integrity.

He is so deeply displeased with the *Address to the Clergy*, because it speaks strongly in favour of Learning. But still, if this part of it is only 'fit for an old *Grammarian*, grown *blear-eyed* in mending *Dictionaries*,' it will not follow, that 'almost all of it is mere empty babble;' for a large part of it much more strongly insists on a single eye and a clean heart. Heathen Philosophers may term this *empty babble*; but let not Christians either account, or call it so."

Wednesday 17. The room at St. *Just* was quite full at five, and God gave us a parting blessing. At noon I preached on the cliff near *Penzance*, where no one now gives an uncivil word. Here I

procured an account from eye-witness, of what happened the 27th of last month. A round pillar, narrowest at bottom, of a whitish colour, rose out of the sea near *Moufehole*, and reached the clouds. One who was riding over the strand from *Marazion* to *Penzance*, saw it stand for a short space, and then move swiftly toward her, 'till the skirt of it touching her, the horse threw her and ran away. It had a strong sulphurous smell. It dragged with it abundance of sand and pebbles from the shore, and then went over the land, carrying with it corn, furze, or whatever it found in its way. It was doubtless a kind of water-spout: but a water-spout on land I believe is seldom seen.

The storm drove us into the house at *Newlin* also. Thursday 18. As we rode from thence, in less than half an hour we were wet to the skin. But when we came to *Penhale*, the rain ceased, and the people flocking from all parts, we had a comfortable opportunity together. About six I preached near *Helfstone*. The rain stopped 'till I had done, and soon after was as violent as before.

Friday 19. I rode to *Iluggan*: We had heavy rain before I began, but scarce any, while I was preaching. I learned several other particulars here, relating to the water-spout. It was seen near *Moufehole* an hour before sun-set. About sun-set it began travelling over the land, tearing up all the furze and shrubs it met. Near an hour after sun-set it passed (at the rate of four or five miles an hour) across Mr. *Harris'* fields, in *Cambourn*, sweeping the ground as it went, about twenty yards diameter at bottom and broader and broader up to the clouds. It made a noise like thunder, took up eighteen stacks of corn, with a large hay-stack and the stones whereon it stood, and scattering them all abroad, (but it was quite dry) and then passed over the cliff into the sea.

Saturday 20. In the evening I took my old stand in the main street at *Redruth*. A multitude of people, rich and poor, calmly attended. So is the roughest

roughest become one of the quietest towns in *England*.

Sunday 21. I preached in the same place at eight. Mr. C— of *St. Cubert*, preached at the church both morning and afternoon, and strongly confirmed what I had spoken. At one, the day being mild and calm, we had the largest congregation of all. But it rained all the time I was preaching at *Gwenap*. We concluded the day with a love-feast, at which *James Roberts*, a tinner of *St. Ives*, related how God had dealt with his soul. He was one of the first society in *St. Ives*, but soon relapsed into his old sin, drunkenness, and wallowed in it for two years, during which time he headed the mob who pulled down the preaching-house. Not long after, he was standing with his partner, at *Edward May's* shop, when the preacher went by. His partner said, "I will tell him I am a methodist." Nay, said *Edward*, your speech will bewray you." *James* felt the word as a sword, thinking in himself, "So does my speech now bewray me!" He turned and hastened home, fancying he heard the devil stepping after him all the way. For forty hours he never closed his eyes, nor tasted either meat or drink. He was then at his wit's end, and went to the window, looking to drop into hell instantly, when he heard those words, *I will be merciful to thy unrighteousness, thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more*. All his load was gone: and he has now for many years walked worthy of the gospel.

Monday 22. I preached at *Penryn* in the evening. It rained before and after, but not while I was preaching. While we were at prayer, a sheet of light seemed to fill the yard, and the voice of the Lord was heard over our heads. This fixed the impression they had received, upon the minds of many: as if it had said in express terms, *Prepare to meet thy God!*

On Wednesday evening, having (over and above meeting the societies) preached thirty times in eleven days, I found myself a little exhausted: but a day's rest set me up. So on Friday 26 I preached at noon again near *Liskard*. In the afternoon we had rain

and wind enough: and when we came to *Saltash*, no boat would venture out: so we were obliged to take up our lodgings there.

Saturday 27. Finding there was no hope of passing here, the wind being as high as ever, we determined to ride round by the *new bridge*. The rain still fell on either side: but for near twenty miles we had not one drop, and not a considerable shower all day. Soon after four in the afternoon, we came safe to *Plymouth-dock*.

I had but a melancholy prospect here, finding most of the people dead as stones. And when I took an account of the society, only thirty four out of seventy were left. At seven in the evening, and at five in the morning, I strongly exhorted them to return to God. At eight I did the same, and at five in the afternoon: and God made his word as an hammer. At the meeting of the society likewise, strong and effectual words were given me. Many were convinced afresh; many backsliders cut to the heart. And I left once more between sixty and seventy members.

Monday 29. Being invited by the minister of *Mary-Week* to preach in his church, I crossed over the country, and came thither about four in the afternoon. The congregation was large, considering the weather, and quite attentive and unconcerned. Hence I rode on to *Mill-house*, and the next day to *Col-lumpton*: where finding the congregation waiting, I began preaching without delay, and felt no weariness or want of strength 'till I had delivered my message to them.

Wednesday, October 1. After preaching at five, I examined the society, and found them more alive to God, than I had done for many years. About one I preached at *Halberton*, and at *Tiverton* in the evening. The next morning I rode to *Maiden-down*, where the congregation was waiting for me. About noon I preached at *Taunton*. The rain lessened the congregation at *Bridgewater*, a dead, uncomfortable place at best. About seven we set out thence for

Baderipp,

Badenapp, in as dark a night as I ever saw. But God gave his angels charge over us, and we dashed not our foot against a stone.

I was surprized to see a congregation at five in the morning, to whom I spoke with much enlargement of heart. About one I preached at *Shepton-Mallet*, and about seven in the evening at *Bristol*.

Sunday 5. I perceived by the liveliness of the people, that Mr. *Gilbert's* labour had not been in vain. But I found some exercise too. And this is always to be expected, among a large body of people: it being certain, that as *all men have not faith*, so all believers have not wisdom.

Sunday 12. I visited the classes at *Kingswood*. Here only there is no increase. And yet where was there such a prospect, 'till that weak man, *John C—*, confounded the poor people with strange doctrines. O what mischief may be done, by one that means well: we see no end of it to this day.

In the afternoon I had appointed the children to meet at *Bristol*, whose parents were of the society. Thirty of them came to day, and above fifty more on the Sunday and Thursday following. About half of these I divided into four classes, two of boys and two of girls, and appointed proper leaders to meet them separate. I met them all together twice a week. And it was not long before God began to touch some of their hearts.

On Tuesday and Wednesday I visited some of the societies in the country. On Thursday I returned to *Bristol*, and in the afternoon preached a charity sermon in *Newgate*, for the use of the poor prisoners. What a change is in this place since I knew it first? 1. Every part of it, above stairs and below, even *the Pit*, wherein the felons are confined at night is as clean and sweet as a gentleman's house: it being a rule, that every prisoner wash and thoroughly cleanse his apartment twice a week. 2. Here is no fighting or brawling. If any think himself aggrieved, the cause is immediately referred to the keeper, who hears the contending parties face to face, and decides.

decides the affair at once. 3. The usual grounds of quarreling are taken away: for it is very rarely that any one cheats or wrongs another, as being sure, if any thing of this kind is discovered, to be more closely confined. 4. Here is no drunkenness suffered, however advantageous it might be to the keeper and tapster. 5. Nor any whoredom, the women prisoners being narrowly observed, and kept a part from the men: and no women of the town being now admitted, no, not at any price. 6. All possible care is taken to prevent idleness. Those who are willing to work at their callings, are provided with tools and materials, partly by the keeper, who gives them credit at a moderate profit, partly by the alms occasionally given, which are divided with the utmost impartiality. Accordingly at this time, a shoe-maker, a taylor, a brasier, and a coach-maker are all employed. 7. On the Lord's day they neither work nor play, but dress themselves as clean as they can, to attend the public service in the chapel, at which every person under the roof is present. None is excused unless sick: in which case he is provided both with proper advice and medicines. 8. To assist them in spirituals as well as temporals, they have a sermon preached every Sunday and Thursday. And a large bible is chained on one side of the chappel, which any of the prisoners may read. By the blessing of God on these regulations, the whole prison has a new face. Nothing offends either the eye or ear, and the whole has the appearance of a quiet, serious family.

On the three following days I spoke severally to the members of the society. As many of them increase in worldly goods, the great danger I apprehend now, is their relapsing into the spirit of the world. And then their religion is but a dream.

Wednesday 22. Being informed, that some neighbouring gentlemen had declared, "They would apprehend the next preacher who came to *Pensford*, I rode over to give them the meeting. But none appeared. The house was more than filled with
deeply

deeply attentive hearers. It seems, the time is come at length, for the word of God to take root here also.

Friday 24. I visited the *French* prisoners at *Knowle*, and found many of them almost naked again. In hopes of provoking others to jealousy, I made another collection for them, and ordered the money to be laid out in linen and waistcoats, which were given to those that were most in want.

Saturday 25. King George was gathered to his fathers. When will *England* have a better prince?

Many of us agreed to observe Friday the 31st as a day of fasting and prayer, for the blessing of God upon our nation, and in particular on his present Majesty. We met at five, at nine, at one, and at half hour past eight. I expected to be a little tired, but was more lively after twelve at night, than I was at six in the morning.

Saturday, November 1. I had the pleasure of spending a little time, with that venerable man, Mr. *Walker* of *Truro*. I fear his physicians do not understand his case. If he recovers, it must be thro' an almighty physician.

Monday 3. I left *Bristol*, and took *Bath*, *Bradford*, and *Frome*, in my way to *Salisbury*, where I spent a day with much satisfaction. Friday 7. I preached about nine at *Andover*, to a few dead stones; at one in *Whitchurch*, and in the evening at *Basingstoke*. The next day, Saturday 8, I was once more brought safe to *London*.

I spent about a fortnight, as usual, in examining the society, a heavy, but necessary, labour.

Monday 17. I sent the following letter.

To the Editor of *Lloyd's Evening Post*.

SIR, Nov. 17, 1760.

"In your last paper we had a letter from a very angry Gentleman (tho' he says, he had 'put himself into as good humour as possible,') who personates a Clergyman, but is, I presume, in reality a Retainer to the Theatre. He is very warm against the people,

ple, vulgarly termed *Methodists*, 'ridiculous Impostors,' 'religious Buffoons,' as he styles them: 'Saint Errants' (a pretty and quaint phrase) full of 'Inconsiderateness, Madness, Melancholy, Enthusiasm': teaching a 'knotty and unintelligible System' of Religion, yea, a 'contradictory or self-contradicting; nay, 'a mere Illusion,' a 'destructive Scheme and of pernicious Consequence:' since 'an *Hypothesis* is a very slippery Foundation to hazard our *all* upon.'

Methinks the Gentleman has a little mistaken his character: he seems to have exchanged the Sock for the Buskin. But, be this as it may, general charges prove nothing; let us come to particulars. Here they are. 'The basis of *Methodism* is the *Grace of Assurance*,' (excuse a little impropriety of expression) '*Regeneration* being only a preparative to it.' Truly this is somewhat 'knotty and unintelligible.' I will endeavour to help him out. The fundamental doctrine of the people called *Methodists* is, Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true Faith; the Faith which works by Love, which, by means of the Love of God and our neighbour, produces both inward and outward Holiness. This Faith is an Evidence of things not seen; and he that thus believes, is regenerate, or born of God. And he has the witness in himself; (call it *Assurance*, or what you please.) The Spirit itself witnesses with his Spirit, that he is a child of God: 'from what Scripture' every one of these propositions 'is collected,' any common concordance will shew. 'This is the true portraiture of *Methodism*,' so called. 'A Religion superior to this' (the Love of God and man) none can 'enjoy,' either in Time or in Eternity.

But the *Methodists* do not hold, 'Good Works meritorious.' No; neither does ours, or any, other Protestant Church. But meantime they hold, it is their bounden duty, as they have time, to do Good unto all men; and they know the day is coming wherein God will reward every man according to his works.

But

But they 'act with fullness and solemnity, and account innocent Gaiety and Cheerfulness a crime almost as heinous as Sacrilege.' Who does? Name the men. I know them not, and therefore doubt the fact: tho' it is very possible you account that kind of Gaiety innocent, which I account both foolish and sinful.

I know none who denies, that true Religion, that is Love, the Love of God and our neighbour, 'elevates our spirits, and renders our minds cheerful and serene.' It must, if it be accompanied, as we believe it always is, with Peace and Joy in the Holy Ghost; and if it produces a Conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

But they 'preach up Religion only to accomplish a lucrative design, to fleece their hearers, to accumulate Wealth, to rob and plunder, which they esteem meritorious.' We deny the fact. Who is able to prove it? Let the Affirmer produce his witnesses, or retract.

This is the sum of your Correspondent's charge, not one article of which can be proved. But whether it can or no, 'we have made them, says he, a theatrical Scoff, and the common Jest and Scorn of every Chorister in the street.' It may be so; but whether you have done well herein, may still admit of a question. However, you cannot but wish 'we had some formal Court of Judicature erected, (happy Portugal and Spain!) to take cognizance of such matters' Nay, *cur optas quod habes?* Why do you wish for what you have already? The Court is erected; the holy, devout Play-house is become the *House of Mercy!* And does take cognizance hereof, 'of all Pretenders to Sanctity, and happily furnishes us with a discerning Spirit to distinguish betwixt Right and Wrong.' But I do not stand to their sentence; I appeal to Scripture and Reason, and by these alone consent to be judged. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

Saturday

Saturday 22. I was obliged to trouble him with another letter, as follows.

SIR,
 "JUST as I had finished the letter published in your last Friday's paper, four tracts came to my hands; One wrote, or procured to be wrote, by Mrs. Downes; one by a Clergyman in the county of *Durham*; the third, by a Gentleman of *Cambridge*; and the fourth, by a member (I suppose, Dignitary) of the church of *Rome*. How gladly would I leave all these to themselves, and let them say just what they please! As my day is far spent, and my taste for Controversy is utterly lost and gone. But this would not be doing justice to the world, who might take silence for a proof of Guilt. I shall therefore say a word concerning each. I may, perhaps, some time say more to one or two of them.

The letter which goes under Mrs. Downes's name, scarce deserves any notice at all, as there is nothing extraordinary in it, but an extraordinary degree of Virulence and Scurrility. Two things only I remark concerning it (which I suppose the Writer of it knew as well as me) 1. That my letter to Mr. Downes was both wrote and printed before Mr. Downes died; 2. That when I said, *Tibi parvula res est* (your ability is small) I had no view to his fortune, which I knew nothing of; but, as I there expressly say, to his Wit, Sense, and Talents, as a Writer.

The Tract wrote by the Gentleman in the North, is far more bulky than this. But it is more considerable for its Bulk, than for its Matter, being little more than a dull repetition of what was published some years ago, in *The Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared*. I do not find the Author adds any thing new; unless we may bestow that epithet on a Sermon annexed to his Address, which, I presume, will do neither good nor harm. So I leave the *Durham* Gentleman, with Mrs. Downes, to himself and his admirers.

The Author of the Letter to Mr. Berridge is a more considerable Writer. In many things I wholly agree with

with him, tho' not in admiring Dr. Taylor. But there is a bitterness even in him, which I should not have expected, in a Gentleman and a Scholar. So in the very first page I read, 'The Church, which most of your *graceless fraternity* have deserted.' Were the fact true (which it is not) yet is the expression to be commended? Surely Dr. G. himself thinks it is not. I am sorry too for the unfairness of his quotations. For instance; He cites me (p. 53.) as speaking of 'Faith shed abroad in mens hearts like lightning.' *Faith shed abroad in mens hearts!* I never used such an expression in my life: I do not talk after this rate. Again, he quotes, as from me, p. 57. (so I presume, Mr. W. means) 'A behaviour does not pretend to add the least to what Christ has done.' But be these words whose they may, they are none of mine. I never spoke, wrote, no, nor read them before. Once more; Is it well judged, for any Writer to shew such an utter contempt of his Opponents, as you affect to do, with regard to the whole body of people, vulgarly termed *Methodists*? 'You may keep up (say you) a little bush-fighting in Controversy. You may skirmish a while with your feeble body of irregulars. But you must never trust to your skill in Reasoning.' p. 77. Upon this I would ask, 1. If these are such poor, silly creatures, why does so wise a man set his wit to them? *Shall the king of Israel go out against a flea?* 2. If it should happen, that any one of these silly Bush-fighters steps out into the plain, engages hand to hand, and foils this Champion by mere dint of Reason, will not his defeat be so much the more shameful, as it was more unexpected? But I say the less at present, not only because Mr. Berridge is able to answer for himself, but because the title page bids me expect a letter, more immediately address'd to myself.

The last Tract, intituled, "*A Caveat against the Methodists*," is, in reality, a Caveat against the Church of England; or rather against all the Churches in Europe who dissent from the Church of Rome. Nor do I apprehend the writer to be any more disgusted at
the

the *Methodists*, than at Protestants of every denomination: as he cannot but judge it equally unsafe, to join to any society but that of *Rome*. Accordingly all his arguments are levelled at the Reformed Churches in general: and conclude just as well, if you put the word *Protestant* throughout in the place of the word *Methodist*. Although, therefore, the author borrows my name, to wound those who suspect nothing less, yet I am no more concerned to refute him, than any other Protestant in *England*: and still the less, as those arguments are refuted over and over, in books which are still common among us.

But is it possible any Protestants, nay Protestant Clergyman, should buy these tracts to give away? Is then the introducing Popery the only way to overthrow *Methodism*? If they know this, and chuse Popery as the smaller evil of the two, they are consistent with themselves. But if they do not intend this, I wish them more seriously to consider what they do.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY."

Monday 24. I visited as many as I could of the sick. How much better is it, when it can be done, to carry relief to the poor, than to send it? And that both for our own sake and theirs. For *theirs*, as it is so much more comfortable to them, and as we may then assist them in spirituals as well as temporals. And for *our own*, as it is far more apt to soften our heart, and to make us *naturally* care for each other.

Monday, Dec. 1. I went in the machine to *Canterbury*. In going and returning I read over *The Christian Philosopher*. It is a very extraordinary book: containing among many (as some would be apt to term them) wild thoughts, several fine and striking observations, not to be found in any other treatise.

Wednesday 3. I rode to *Dover*: Who would have expected to find here some of the best singers in *England*?

England? I found likewise what was better still, a serious, earnest people. There was a remarkable blessing among them, both in the evening and the morning: so that I did not regret, the having been wet to the skin, in my way to them.

Friday 12. Having as far as *Hyde-Park-Corner* to go, I took a coach for part of the way, ordering the man to stop any where, at the end of *Piccadilly*, next the *Hay-market*. He stopped exactly at the door of one of our friends, whose mother, above ninety years old, had long desired to see me, tho' I knew it not. She was exceedingly comforted, and could not tell how to praise God enough, for giving her the desire of her soul.

We observed Friday the 19th, as a day of fasting and prayer, for our king and country and the success of the gospel. And part of the answer immediately followed, in the remarkable increase of believers, and in the strengthening of those who had before attained that precious faith, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.

Saturday 20. In the evening I hastened back from *Snowfields*, to meet the penitents, (a congregation which I wish always to meet myself) and walked thither again at five in the morning. Blessed be God, I have no reason or pretence, to spare myself yet. I preached a charity sermon in *West-street* chapel, both morning and afternoon. But many were obliged to go away, finding it impossible to get in. Is it novelty still which draws these from all parts? No, but the mighty power of God.

To-day I sent the following letter.

For the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Post.

To Mr. T. H. alias E. L. &c. &c.

"WHAT, my good friend again? Only a little disguised with a new name, and a few scraps of *Latin*? I hoped, indeed, you had been pretty well satisfied before; but since you desire to hear a little farther from me, I will add a few words, and endeavour to set our little controversy in a still clearer light.

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Last

Last month you publickly attacked the people call'd *Methodists*, without either fear or wit. You charged them with 'madness, enthusiasm, self-contradiction, imposture,' and what not? I considered each charge, and, I conceive, refuted it, to the satisfaction of all indifferent persons. You renewed the attack, not by *proving* any thing, but *affirming* the same things over and over. I replied, and without taking notice of the dull, low scurrility, either of the first or second letter, confined myself to the merits of the cause, and cleared away the dirt you had thrown.

You now heap together ten paragraphs more, most of which require very little answer. In the first, you say, 'your *foolishness* is become the wonder and admiration of the public.' In the second, 'the *public* blushes for you, 'till you give a better solution to the articles demanded of you.' In the third, you cite my words, I still maintain 'the Bible with the Liturgy, and Homilies of our Church, and do not espouse any other principles, but what are consonant to the book of Common Prayer.' You keenly answer, 'Granted, Mr. *Methodist*—But whether or no you *would not* espouse other principles, if you durst, is evident from some *innovations* you have already introduced, which I shall attempt to *prove* in the subsequent part of my answer.' Indeed you won't. You neither *prove*, nor *attempt* to prove, that I 'would espouse other principles, if I durst.' However, you give me a deadly thrust, 'you falsify the first article of the *Athanasian Creed*.' But how so? Why, I said, 'The fundamental doctrine of the people called *Methodists* is, whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true faith.' Sir, shall I tell you a secret? It was for the readers of *your* class that I changed the hard word *Catholic*, into an easier.

In the fourth paragraph you say, 'Did you never use that phrase, *The Grace of Assurance*?' Never, that I remember, either in preaching or writing. Both your ears and eyes have been very *unhappy*, if they informed

informed you I did: and how many soever look either sorrowful or joyful, that will not prove the contrary. 'But produce your texts.' What, for a phrase I never use? I pray you, have me excused. But (as I said before) from what scripture every one of my propositions is collected, any common concordance will shew. To save you trouble, I will for once point out those scriptures. 'Whosoever will be saved must believe,' *Mark xvi. 16. Acts xvi. 31.* This 'Faith works by love,' *Gal. v. 6.* It is 'An evidence of things not seen,' *Heb. xi. 1.* 'He that believes, is born of God,' *1 John v. 1.* 'He has the witness in himself,' ver. 10. 'The Spirit itself witnesses with his spirit, that he is a child of God,' *Rom. viii. 15.*

In the fifth you say, 'you embrace any shift to twist words to your own meaning.' This is saying just nothing. Any one may say this of any one. To prove it, is another point. In the sixth you say, 'no Protestant divine ever taught your doctrine of assurance.' I hope you know no better; but 'tis strange you should not. Did you never see Bishop *Hall's* works? Was not he a Protestant divine? Was not Mr. *Parkins*? *Bolton*? Dr. *Sibbs*? Dr. *Preston*? Archbishop *Leighton*? Enquire a little farther; and don't run thus hand over head, asserting you know not what. By *assurance* (if we *must* use the expression) I mean 'a confidence which a man hath in God, that by the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God.' Stop! Do not run your head into a noose again. These are words of the Homily.

In the seventh, you grant, 'that works are not meritorious, unless accompanied with faith.' No, nor then neither. But pray don't talk of this any more, 'till you know the difference between meritorious and rewardable; otherwise your ignorance will cause you to blunder on, without shame, and without end.

In your eighth, you throw out a hard word, which somebody has helped you to, *Thaumaturg*—

What is it, about *lay-preachers*. When you have answered the arguments in the *Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*, I will say something more upon that head.

In the ninth you say something, no way material, about the houses at *Bristol*, *King'swood*, and *Newcastle*: and, in the last, you give me a fair challenge to a 'personal dispute.' Not so: you have fallen upon me in public; and to the public I appeal. Let all men, not any single umpire, judge, whether I have not refuted your charge, and cleared the people called *Methodists* from the foul aspersions which, without why or wherefore, you had thrown upon them. Let all my countrymen judge, which of us have spoken the words of truth and soberness? Which has *reason* on his side? And which has treated the other with a *temper* suitable to the gospel?

If the general voice of mankind gives it against you, I hope you will be henceforth less flippant with your pen. I assure you, as little as you think of it, the *Methodists* are not such fools as you suppose. But their desire is to live peaceably with all men: and none desires this more than

JOHN WESLEY.

About the close of this year, I received a remarkable account from *Ireland*: "When Miss E— was about fifteen, she frequently heard the preaching of the *Methodists*, so called; and tho' it made no deep impression, yet she retained a love for them ever after. About nineteen she was seized with a lingering illness. She then began to wrestle with God in prayer, that his love might be shed abroad in her heart. Then, said she, how freely could I give up all that is dear to me in this world? And from this very time, she did not expect, nor indeed desire to recover; but only to be cleansed from sin, and to go to Christ.

"Some who visited her, said, "O Miss, you need not fear: your innocence will bring you to heaven." She earnestly replied, "Unless the merits of Christ

plead

plead for me, and his nature be imparted to me, I can never enter there." And she was incessantly breaking out into these and the like expressions, "O that I knew my sins were forgiven! O that I was born again! My one wish is, To know God, and to be with him eternally."

She frequently sung or repeated that verse:

O that he would himself impart,
And fix his Eden in my heart,
The sense of sin forgiven!
How would I then throw off my load
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven!

"She had now an earnest desire to see some of the *Methodists*, and spoke to several, to ask some of those in *Tullamore* to visit her. At length her importunity prevailed, and *James Kelly* was sent for. On his coming in, she said, I am exceeding glad to see you. I have had a longing desire of it this month past. I believe the power of God is with you. If I had health and strength, there should not be a sermon preached or a prayer put up in your preaching-house, but I would be there.

"I told her, I hope the Spirit of the Lord will be your present and eternal comforter. She answered, "I can find no comfort in any thing but in God alone." While she spoke, her soul was melted down. The love of God was shed abroad in her heart, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she began to rejoice in God exceedingly. Her mother seeing this, was fully convinced, that there was more in religion than she had herself experienced; and began to pray, with many tears, that God would shew her his salvation. This so affected me, that I could not refrain from tears myself: so we all wept and prayed, and sang praise together.

"On my going to her a second time, I found her truly alive to God. "O, she said, how I have longed

to see you, that we may be happy in God together. Come let us sing an hymn." I gave out

"Of him that did salvation bring

I could for ever think and sing:"

She sung all the time with exceeding joy. Afterwards she said, "This is a weary world; but I have almost done with it. O how I long to be gone! Some people tell me I may recover, but I do not thank them: I do not count them my friends." On my saying occasionally, "There is no satisfaction for sin, but that which Christ has made by his precious blood:" She answered, "That is all the satisfaction I want: and I believe, he both lived and died for me."

"After this, she gave a strict charge, that none should be admitted to see her but such as could speak for God: saying, "I do not love to have a word spoken, which is not to edification. O how unsuitable to me, are all things which do not tend to the glory of my God!" On her spitting a large quantity of blood, one said, You are in great pain. She answered, "I think little of it. My blessed Redeemer suffered greater pain for me."

"When I stood up to go away, she said, "I now take my leave of you. Perhaps we may not meet again in this world: but I trust, we shall meet in heaven. I am going to God. O may it be soon! I now feel an heaven in my soul."

"The last time I came, was on Sunday, Dec. 14. Hearing she was extremely ill, and wanted rest, we did not go up, but after a while, began singing below. She immediately heard, sat up in bed, and insisted on our being brought into the room, and singing there. Many times she repeated these words, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" And this she continued to do, till on Wednesday, the 17th, she resigned her soul into the hands of her dear Redeemer."

January

January 2, 1761. I wrote the following letter.

"To the Editor of the London Chronicle.

"SIR,

"OF all the seats of woe on this side hell, few, I suppose, exceed or even equal *Newgate*. If any region of horror could exceed it a few years ago, *Newgate* in *Bristol* did: so great was the filth, the stench, the misery and wickedness which shocked all who had a spark of humanity left. How was I surprized then, when I was there a few weeks ago? 1. Every part of it, above stairs and below, even the *Pit*, wherein the felons are confined at night is as clean and sweet as a gentleman's house: it being now a rule, that every prisoner wash and clean his apartment throughly twice a week. 2. Here is no fighting or brawling. If any thinks himself ill used, the cause is immediately referred to the keeper, who hears the contending parties face to face, and decides the affair at once. 3. The usual grounds of quarreling are removed. For it is very rarely that any one cheats or wrongs another, as being sure, if anything of this kind is discovered, to be committed to a closer confinement. 4. Here is no drunkenness suffered, however advantageous it might be to the keeper as well as the tapster: 5. Nor any whoredom: the women prisoners being narrowly observed, and kept separate from the men: nor is any woman of the town now admitted, no, not at any price. 6. All possible care is taken to prevent idleness: those who are willing to work at their callings, are provided with tools and materials, partly by the keeper, who gives them credit at a very moderate profit, partly by the alms occasionally given, which are divided with the utmost prudence and impartiality. Accordingly at this time, among others, a shoe-maker, a taylor, a brasier, and a coach-maker are working at their several trades. 7. Only on the Lord's day they neither work nor play, but dress themselves as clean as they can, to attend the public service in the chapel, at which every person under the roof is present. None

is

is excused unless sick : in which case he is provided gratis, both with advice and medicines. 8. And in order to assist them in things of the greatest concern (besides a sermon every Sunday and Thursday) they have a large bible chained on one side of the chapel, which any of the prisoners may read. By the blessing of God on these regulations, the prison now has a new face. Nothing offends either the eye or ear, and the whole has the appearance of a quiet, serious family. And does not *the Keeper of Newgate* deserve to be remembered, full as well as *the man of Ross*? May the Lord remember him in that day! Mean time, will no one follow his example? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY."

Monday, January 5. This week I wrote to the author of the *Westminster Journal* as follows :

"SIR,

"I HOPE you are a person of impartiality. If so, you will not insert what is urged on one side of a question, but likewise what is offered on the other.

Your correspondent is, doubtless, a man of sense; and he seems to write in a good humour. But he is extremely little acquainted with the persons, of whom he undertakes to give an account.

There is 'gone abroad, says he, an ungoverned spirit of enthusiasm, propagated by knaves, and embraced by fools.' Suffer me now to address the gentleman himself. Sir, you may call me both a knave and a fool. But *prove* me either the one or the other, if you can. 'Why, you are an enthusiast.' What do you mean by the term? A believer in Jesus Christ? An asserter of his equality with the Father, and of the entire Christian revelation? Do you mean one who maintains the antiquated doctrines of the new birth and justification by faith? Then I am an enthusiast. But if you mean any thing else, either prove or retract the charge.

The

The enthusiasm which has lately gone abroad, is faith which worketh by love. Does this endanger government itself? Just the reverse. Fearing God it honours the king. It teaches all men to be subject to the higher powers, not for wrath but for conscience sake.

But 'no power in *England* ought to be independent of the supreme power.' Most true. Yet the Romanists own the authority of a pope, independent of civil government. They do, and thereby shew their ignorance of the *English* constitution. 'In *Great Britain* we have many popes, for so I must call all who have the souls and bodies of their followers devoted to them.' Call them so and welcome. But this does not touch me; nor Mr. *Whitefield*, *Jones*, or *Romaine*; nor any whom I am acquainted with: none of us have our followers thus devoted to us. Those who follow the advice we constantly give are devoted to God, not man. But 'the *Methodist* proclaims he can bring into the field 25,000 men.' What *Methodist*? Where and when? Prove this fact, and I will allow you I am a *Turk*.

"But it is said, they are all good subjects. Perhaps they are, because under a *Protestant* government they have all the indulgence they can wish for.' And do you seriously wish for a *Papish* government, to abridge them of that indulgence? 'But has not a bad use been made of this? Has not the decency of religion been perverted?' Not in the least: the decency of religion is never so well advanced, as by advancing inward and outward religion together. 2. 'Have not the minds of the vulgar been darkened to a total neglect of their civil and social duties?' Just the contrary: thousands in *London*, as well as elsewhere, have been enlightened to understand, and prevailed on to practise those duties, as they never did before. 3. 'Has not the peace of many families been ruined?' The lost peace of many families has been restored. In others, a furious opposition to true religion, has occasioned division, as our Lord foretold it would. 4. 'Have not the circumstances.

circumstances of many industrious tradesmen been hurt? I believe not, I know no instance. But I know an hundred tradesmen in London, who began to be industrious, since they began to fear God: and their circumstances, low enough 'till then, are now easy and affluent.

I am almost ashamed to spend time upon these thread-bare objections, which have been answered over and over. But if they are advanced again, they must be answered again, lest silence should pass for guilt.

But how can the government distinguish between tenderness of conscience, and schemes of interest? Nothing more easy. 'They may withdraw the licences of such'.—Sir, you have forgot the question, Before they withdraw them, they are to distinguish, whether they are such or no? And how are they to do this? 'O, 'tis very easy.' So you leave them as wise as they were before.

But 'the Methodist, who pretends to be of the Church of England in forms of worship, and differs from her in point of doctrine, is not, let his pretences be what they will, a member of that church.' Alas, sir, your friends will not thank you for this. You have broke their heads sadly. Is no man of the church let him pretend what he will, who differs from her in point of doctrine? *Au! absce-ro; Cave dixeris!* I know not but you may stumble upon *Scandalum Magnatum*. But stay: you will bring them off quickly. 'A truly good man may scruple signing and swearing to articles, that his mind and reason cannot approve of.' But is he a truly good man who ~~does not scruple~~ signing and swearing to articles which he cannot approve of? However, this doth not affect us: for we do not differ from our church in point of doctrine. But all do, who deny justification by faith. Therefore, according to you, they are no members of the church of England.

'Methodist preachers, you allow, practise, sign, and swear whatever is required by law.' A very large concession: 'But the reserves they have are incom-

incommunicable and unintelligible. Favour us, sir, with a little proof of this; 'till then I must plead not guilty. In whatever I sign or swear to, I have no reserve at all. And I have again and again communicated my thoughts, on most heads, to all mankind: I believe intelligibly: particularly in the *Appeals to men of reason and religion*.

But 'if *Methodism*, as its professors pretend, be a new discovery in religion'—This is a grievous mistake: we pretend no such thing. We aver, it is the one, old religion: as old as the reformation, as old as christianity, as old as *Moses*, as old as *Adam*.

'They ought to discover the whole ingredients of which their nostrum is composed, and have it enrolled in the public register, to be perused by all the world.' It is done. The whole ingredients of *Methodism*, so called, have been discovered in print over and over. And they are enrolled in a public register, the Bible, from which we extracted them at first. 'Else they ought not to be tolerated.' We allow it, and desire toleration on no other terms. 'Nor should they be suffered to add or alter one grain different from what is so registered. Most certainly. We ought neither to add to, diminish, nor alter whatever is written in that book.'

I wish, sir, before you write concerning the *Methodists* again, you would candidly read some of their writings: common report is not a sure rule of judging. I should be unwilling to judge of you thereby.

To sum up the matter, The whole ingredients of our religion are, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance. Against these, I think, there is no law; and therefore I still apprehend they may be *tolerated*, at least in a *Christian country*.

I am, sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

JOHN WESLEY.

Friday

Friday 9. I rode to *Sunderland*, and preached in the evening: and the next evening at *Bedford*: Sunday 11. I read prayers and preached at *Everton*, both morning and afternoon. Monday 12. I rode to *Colchester*, and after spending two or three comfortable days, on Friday 16. went on to *Bury*. I would gladly have stayed a day or two here, had it been only on account of the severity of the weather: but I had work to do elsewhere. So I took horse, soon after preaching in the morning, Saturday 17, thro' as bitter an one as most I have known. I never before felt so piercing a wind, as that which met us in riding out of the gate at day break. To think of looking up was a vain thing: I knew not whether I should not lose one of my eyes. The wind affected it, as if I had received a severe blow: so that I had no use of it for a time. To mend the matter, having a very imperfect direction, we soon got out of our way. However we hobbled on, thro' miserable roads, 'till about three in the afternoon we got to *Norwich*.

Sunday 18. I met the society in the morning, and many of them went with me to the cathedral. At two we had the largest congregation I ever saw at that hour. At five the house was well filled: and just as long as I was speaking, all were silent. But when I ceased, the floods lifted up their voice; one would have thought *Bedlam* was broke loose. And thus it always is: the custom began in the reign of King Log, and continued ever since. The next evening, the same hubbub began again, not among the mob, but the ordinary hearers. I desired them to stop, and reasoned the case with them. The effect was far greater than one could expect. The whole congregation went as quietly and silently away, as they use to do at the Foundery in *London*.

Tuesday 20. I enquired concerning *Yarmouth*, a large and populous town, and as eminent both for wickedness and ignorance, as even any sea-port in *England*. Some had endeavoured to call them to repentance: but it was at the hazard of their lives. What could be done more? Why, last summer
God

God sent thither the regiment, in which *Howell Harris* was an officer. He preached every night, none daring to oppose him; and hereby a good seed was sown. Many were stirred up to seek God. And some of them now earnestly invited me to come over. I went this afternoon and preached in the evening. The house was presently more than filled. And instead of the tumult which was expected, all were as quiet as at *London*. Indeed the word of God was quick and powerful among them, as it was again at six in the morning. At eleven I preached my farewell sermon. I saw none that was not deeply affected. O fair blossoms! But how many of these will bring forth fruit unto perfection?

In the afternoon I rode back to *Norwich*, and took an account of the society there. I found the persons who professed to meet in class, were about three hundred and thirty. But many of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke: Where or what will they be a year hence?

Thursday 22. We had our first watch-night at the tabernacle: at which I could not but observe tho' I preached the law from the beginning of my sermon to the end, yet many were exceedingly comforted: so plain it is, that God can send either terror or comfort to the heart, by whatever means it pleaseth him.

Sunday the 25th was a day of solemn rejoicing. Both at eight, at eleven, at two and at five, God was eminently present in the congregation, filling their hearts with love and their mouths with praise.

In some of the following days I visited the country societies. Friday 30. After preaching at the *Foundery* in the evening, I met the bands as usual. While a poor woman was speaking a few artless words out of the fulness of her heart, a fire kindled and ran as flame among the stubble, thro' the hearts of almost all that heard: so when God is pleased to work, it matters not how weak, or how mean the instrument!

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Saturday

Saturday 21. I spent an hour with one who was as hot as any of the lambs at the tabernacle. But she is now a calm, reasonable woman. Indeed God has now breathed a spirit of love and peace, into all that remain united together. Those who are otherwise minded, have left us.

Sunday, February 1. Many were comforted and strengthened both at the Lord's supper, and at the evening service. I think all jealousies and misunderstandings are now vanished, and the whole society is well knit together. How long will they continue so, considering the unparalleled sickness of the people in these parts? That God knows. However He does work now, and we rejoice therein.

Monday 2. I left them with a chearful heart, and rode on to *Lakenheath*. The congregation was large, but to this day there was no society. So after preaching, I explained the nature of a society, and examined those who were willing to join together. Near half of them had known the love of God, and seemed alive to Him.

Tuesday 3. About noon I preached at *Harston*, five miles beyond *Cambridge*. Here Mr. *Berridge's* labour has not been in vain. Several have found peace with God. And a more artless, loving people I have seldom seen. They were gathered from all parts. It pleased God to give a manifestation of his love to one woman in the midst of the sermon. She praised God aloud, and inflamed many hearts with love and thankfulness.

In the evening I preached at *Melbourn*, another small town, about four miles from *Harston*. Many from *Harston* walked thither, and from the neighbouring villages. And surely God was in the midst of them, just as in our *Bristol* congregations at the beginning.

Hence we rode on *Asht* Wednesday, February 4, to Mr. *Huk*, who shewed me the way to his church, at *Wrestlingworth*, where I exhorted a large and serious congregation, from the Scripture appointed for the epistle,

epistles, to rend their hearts, and not their garments, and turn unto the Lord their God.

In the evening Mr. Berridge read prayers, and I preached at *Everton*. The few of them are now affected as at first, the greater Part having found peace with God. But there is a gradually increasing of the work in the souls of many believers.

Thursday 5. I called at *Barford*, half way to *Bedford*, and was agreeably surprized, to meet J. C. from *London*, who came to *Bedford* the day before, and walked over with Mr. Parker. We had a far larger congregation than I expected: And all were deeply serious. I preached at *Bedford* in the evening; on Friday, at *Sundon*, and on Saturday returned to *London*.

Monday 9, and the following days I visited the classes. Friday 13, being the general fast-day, the chapel in *West-street*, as well as the rest, was thoroughly filled with serious hearers. Surely God is well-pleased with even these outward humiliations, as an acknowledgment, that he is the disposer of all events. And they give some check, if it be but for a time, to the floods of ungodliness. Besides, we cannot doubt but there are some good men, in most of the congregations then assembled. And we know, the effectual fervent prayer even of one righteous man availeth much.

This week I published in the *London Chronicle*, an answer to a tract, intitled, *A Caveat against the Methodists*. It is here subjoined.

To the Editor of the *London Chronicle*.

SIR, Feb. 19, 1761.

IS it not surprizing, that every person of understanding does not discern, at the very first view, that the tract, intitled, *A Caveat against the Methodists*, is, in reality, *A Caveat against the Protestants*? Do not the arguments conclude (if they conclude at all) not against the *Methodists* only, but against the whole Body of *Protestants*? The names indeed of Mr. *Whitefield* and Mr. *Wesley* are used; but this is mere finesse; greater

men are designed, and all along are wounded through our sides.

I was long in hopes of seeing an answer to this awful performance, from some one of more leisure, as well as abilities; and some whose name would have recommended his work; for that thought has something of truth in it,

O what a tuneful wonder seiz'd the throng,

When *Marlboro's* conquering name alarm'd the foe!

Had *Whiznowsky* led the armies on, [blow,

'The General's scarecrow name had foil'd each

However, who knows but reason, for once, may be stronger than prejudice? And many may forget my *scarecrow* name, and mind not who speaks, but what is spoken! I am pleading now not for *Methodists* only, but for the whole body of Protestants: First, for the Church of *England*; then for the Protestants, of every denomination: in doing which I shall first give the substance of each section of the *Romish* tract; Secondly, answer, and retort it upon the members of the Church of *Rome*. O that this may incite some more skilful advocate, to supply my lack of service!

SECTION I.

'The *Methodists* (Protestants) are not the people of God; they are not true Gospel Christians; nor is their *new-raised* society the true Church of Christ, nor any part of it' p. 3.

'This is demonstrated by the Word of God, marking out the people of God, the true Church of Christ, by such characters as cannot agree to the *Methodists*, or any other *new-raised* sect or community.' *ibid.*

'The Old Testament is full of prophecies relating to the church. And the New Testament makes glorious promises to it, and gives glorious characters of it.' p. 4.

'Now

Now all these prophecies, promises, and characters, point out a society founded by Christ himself; and by his commission propagated throughout the world, which should flourish till time should end: ever one, ever holy, ever orthodox: secured against error, by the perpetual presence of Christ: ever directed by the spirit of truth; having a perpetual succession of pastors and teachers, divinely appointed, and divinely assisted: But no part of this character is applicable to any new-raised sect, who have no succession from, or connection with, that one, holy society; therefore no modern sect can be any part of the people of God. P. 5.

I answer, It is true, * all these promises, prophecies, and characters, point out a society founded by Christ himself, and by his commission propagated throughout the world, which should flourish till time should end. And such is the Catholic Church, that is the whole body of men, endued with faith, working by love, dispersed over the whole earth, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America: And this church is ever one: in all ages and nations it is the one body of Christ: it is ever holy, for no unholy man can possibly be a member of it. It is ever orthodox; so is every holy man, in all things necessary to salvation; secured against error, in things essential, by the perpetual presence of Christ; and ever directed by the spirit of truth, in the truth that is after Godliness. This church has a perpetual succession of pastors and teachers, divinely appointed, and divinely assisted. And there has never been wanting, in the reformed churches, such a succession of pastors and teachers; men both divinely appointed, and divinely assisted; for they convert sinners to God; a work none can do, unless God himself doth appoint them thereto, and assist them therein; therefore every part of this character is applicable to them. Their teachers are the proper successors of those who have delivered down, through all generations, the faith once delivered to the Saints; and their members have true,

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spiritual

* The words of the Caveat are in Italicks.

spiritual communion, with the one, holy society of true believers. Consequently, although they are not the whole People of God, yet are they an undeniable part of his People.

On the contrary, the church of Rome, in its present form, was not founded by Christ himself. All the doctrines and practices wherein she differs from us, were not instituted by Christ; they were unknown to the Ancient Church of Christ; they are unscriptural, novel corruptions; neither is that Church propagated throughout the world. Therefore if either antiquity, or universality, be essential thereto, the Church of Rome cannot be the true Church of Christ.

Nor is the Church of Rome one: it is not in unity with itself: it is to this day torn with numberless divisions: and it is impossible it should be the One Church, unless a part can be the whole: seeing the *Italian*, the *African*, and the *Masconite* Churches (to name no more) never were contained in it.

Neither is it holy. The generality of its members are no holier than Turks or Heathens. You need not go far for proof of this. Look at the *Romanists* in *London* or *Dublin*. Are these the *Holy*, the only *Holy* Church? Just such holiness is in the bottomless pit.

Nor is it secured against error, either by Christ or his Spirit; witness Pope against Pope; Council against Council; contradicting, anathematizing each other; the instances are too numerous to be recited.

Neither are the generality of her pastors and teachers either divinely appointed, or divinely assisted. If God had sent them, he would confirm the word of his messengers; but he does not; they convert no sinners to God; they convert many to their own opinion, but not to the knowledge or love of God. He that was a drunkard, is a drunkard still; he that was filthy is filthy still; therefore neither are they assisted by him; so they and their flocks wallow in sin together: consequently (whatever may be the case of some particular souls) it must be said, if your own marks be true, the *Roman-Catholics*, in general, are not the People of God."

It may be proper to add here the Second Section, which is all I had leisure to write, though it was not published till the following week.

SECTION. II. *

'The Methodist (Protestant) Teachers are not the true Ministers of Christ: nor are they called or sent by Him. p. 6.

This appears from what has been already demonstrated. For if the Protestants are not the true People of Christ, their Ministers cannot be the true Ministers of Christ. *Ibid.*

Farther, 'The true Ministers came down by succession from the Apostles. But the Protestant Teachers do not. Therefore they are not the true Ministers of Christ. *ibid.*

All power in the Church of Christ comes from Him; so that whoever, without a commission from Him, intrudes into the Pastoral Office, is a thief and a robber. Now the Commission can be conveyed but two ways, either immediately from God himself, as it was to the Apostles, or from men who have the authority handed down to them from the Apostles.

But this Commission has not been conveyed to Protestant Preachers, either of these ways. Not immediately from God himself: For how do they prove it? By what Miracles? Neither by men deriving authority from the Apostles, through the channel of the Church. And they stand divided in communion from all Churches that have any pretensions to antiquity. Their doctrine of Justification by Faith alone, was anathematized at its first appearance, by the undoubted heirs of the Apostles, the Pastors of the Apostolic Churches; consequently they are sent by no other but Him, who sent all the false Prophets from the beginning, p. 8. 9.

I answer, from what has been already demonstrated, that nothing will follow; for you have demonstrated just nothing.

Now

Now for your farther proof, the true Ministers came down by Succession from the Apostles; so do the Protestant Ministers, if the Romish do; the English in particular, as even one of yourselves, F. Courayer, has irrefragably proved.

All Power in the Church of Christ comes from Him; either immediately from Himself, or from men who have the authority handed down to them from the Apostles. But this Commis- sion has not been conveyed to the Protestant Preachers, either of these ways: Not immediately. For by what Miracles do they prove it? So said Cardinal Bellarmine long ago. Neither by men deriving authority from the Apostles. Read F. Courayer, and know better. Neither are the Protestants divided from any Churches, who have true Pretensions to Antiquity. But their Doctrine of Justification by Faith alone, was anathematized at its first appearance, by the undoubted heirs of the Apostles, the Pastors of the Apostolic Church. By the prelates at the Council of Trent it was: Who thereby anathematized the Apostle Paul, to all intents and purposes. Here you throw off the mask; otherwise you might have passed for a Protestant a little longer. Consequently they are sent by no other but Him, who sent all the false Prophets from the beginning. Sir, we thank you. This is really a very modest assertion for the subject of a Protestant King.

But to turn the tables: I said, 'If the Romish Bishops do.' For this I absolutely deny. I deny that the Romish Bishops came down by uninterrupted succession from the Apostles. I never could see it proved; and, I am persuaded, I never shall. But unless this is proved; your own pastors, on your principles, are no pastors at all.

But farther: It is a doctrine of your Church, That the intention of the administrator, is essential to the validity of the sacraments which are administered by him. Now, are you assured of the intention of every priest, from whom you have received the Host? If not, you do not know, but what you received as the sacrament of the altar, was no sacrament at all. Are you assured of the intention of the priest who baptized you? If not, perhaps you are not

not baptized at all. To come close to the point in hand: If you pass for a priest, are you sure of the intention of the Bishop that ordained you? If not, you may happen to be no priest, and so all your ministry is nothing worth: nay, by the same rule, he may happen to be no Bishop. And who can tell how often this has been the case? But if there has been only one instance in a thousand years, what becomes of your *uninterrupted succession*?

This *ad hominem*. But I have a word more *ad rem*. Can a man teach what he does not know? Is it possible a man should teach others what he does not know himself? Certainly it is not. Can a priest then teach his hearers the way to heaven, marked out in our Lord's sermon on the mount, if he does not know or understand the way himself? Nothing is more impossible. But how many of your priests know nothing about it? What avails then their *commission* to teach, what they cannot teach, because they know it not? Did God then *send* these men on a fool's errand: send them to do what they cannot do? O say not so! And what will be the event of their attempting to teach they know not what? Why, *if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the pit.*"

Saturday 21. I spent some hours with Mr. L. and Mr. J. Anson, in order to prevent another Chancery-Suit. And the matters could not then be fully adjusted, yet the Suit did not go on.

Tuesday 24. I retired to *Lewisham*, and transcribed the list of the Society. About an hundred and sixty I left out, to which I can do no good at present. The number of those which now remain, is two thousand, three hundred, and seventy five.

Friday 27. At twelve I met about thirty persons, who had experienced a deep work of God. And I appointed an hour for meeting them every week. Whether they are *saved from sin* or no, they are certainly full of faith and love, and peculiarly *deserving* to my soul.

Sunday

Sunday, March 1. We had a happy Love-feast at the Chapel. Many of our Brethren spoke plainly and artless, what God had done for their souls. I think, none were offended; but many were strengthened and comforted.

Wednesday 4. I was scarce come into the room where a few Believers were met together, when one began to tremble exceedingly, and soon after sunk to the floor. After a violent struggle, she burst out into prayer, which was quickly changed into praise. She then declared, "The Lamb of God has taken away all my sins." She spoke many strange words to the same effect rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

Friday 6. I met again with those who believe God has delivered them from the root of bitterness. Their number increases daily. I know not, if fifteen or sixteen have not received the blessing this week.

Monday 9. I set out early, and about noon preached at *High-wycombe*, where the dry bones began to shake again. In the afternoon I rode on to *Oxford*, and spent an agreeable evening with Mr. H. His openness and frankness of behaviour were both pleasing and profitable. Such conversation I want: but I do not wonder it is offensive to men of nice ears.

Tuesday 10. We rode to *Evesham*, where I found the poor, shattered society almost sunk into nothing. And no wonder, since they have been almost without help, till Mr. Mather came. In the evening I preached in the town-hall. Both at this time and at five in the morning, God applied his word, and many found a desire to strengthen the things that remained. I designed to have rested on Wednesday; but finding that notice had been given, of my preaching at *Stanley*, we got thither, thro' roads almost impassible, about noon, and found more people than the house could contain. So I stood in the yard, and proclaimed free salvation to a loving, simple people. Several were in tears, and all of them so thankful that I could not repent of my labour.

The congregation at *Evesham* in the evening was thrice as large as the night before. Indeed many of them did not design to *hear*, or to let any one else hear. But they were over-ruled and behaved with tolerable decency, 'till the service was over. Then they roared again. But I walked strait through them. And none offered the least rudeness. *Thursday* 12. About one I preached at *Red-ditch*, to a deeply serious congregation: about seven, in the room at *Birmingham*, now far too small for the congregation. *Friday* 13. Many flocked together at five: and far more than the room would contain in the evening. Perhaps the time is come for the gospel to take root even in this barren soil.

Saturday 14. I rode to *Wednesbury*. *Sunday* 15. I made a shift to preach within, at eight in the morning. But in the afternoon I knew not what to do, having a pain in my side, and a sore throat. However, I resolved to speak as long as I could. I stood at one end of the house, and the people (supposed to be eight or ten thousand) in the field adjoining. I spoke from *I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord*. When I had done speaking my complaints were gone. At the love-feast in the evening, many, both men and women, spoke their experience, in a manner which affected all that heard. One in particular said, "For seventeen or eighteen years I thought God had forgotten me: Neither I, nor any under my roof, could believe. But now, blessed be his name, he has taken me and all my house: and given me, and my wife, and our seven children, to rejoice together in God our Saviour."

Monday 16. I intended to rest two or three days. But being pressed to visit *Shrewsbury*, and having no other time, I rode over to-day, tho' upon a miserable beast. When I came in, my head ached as well as my side. I found the door of the place where I was to preach, surrounded by a numerous mob. But they seemed met, only to stare. Few of them came in:

is almost all that did, (a large number) believed quietly and seriously.

Tuesday 7. At five, the congregation was large, and appeared not a little affected. The difficulty now was, How to get back? For I could not ride the horse on which I came. But this too was provided for. We met in the street, with one who lent me his horse, which was so easy, that I grew better and better till I came to *Wolverhampton*. None had yet preached abroad in this furious town: but I was resolv'd, with God's help, to make a trial, and ordered a table to be set in the inn-yard. Such a number of wild men I have seldom seen. But they gave me no disturbance, either while I preached, or when I walked thro' the midst of them.

About five I preached to a far larger congregation at *Dudley*, and all as quiet as at *London*. The scene is changed; since the dirt and stones of this town, were flying about me on every side.

Wednesday 18. By talking with several at *Wednesbury*, I found God is carrying on his Work here as at *London*. We have ground to hope, one prisoner was set at full liberty, under the sermon on Saturday morning; another, under that on Saturday evening. One or more received remission of sins on Sunday. On Monday morning another, and on Wednesday yet another believed the blood of *Jesus Christ* had cleansed him from all sin. In the evening I could scarce think, but more than one heard him say, *I will: be thou clean!* Indeed so wonderfully was he present 'till near midnight, as if he would have healed the whole congregation.

Thursday 19. After preaching at *Billbrook* I rode on to *Borislam*, and preached at half hour past five, in an open place on the top of the hill, to a large and attentive congregation, tho' it rained almost all the time, and the air was extremely cold. The next morning, being Good-Friday, I did not preach 'till eight. But even then, as well as in the evening, the cold considerably lessened the congregation. Such is human wisdom! So small are the things

which

which divert mankind from what might be the means of their eternal salvation!

Saturday 21. About ten I preached at *Biddulph*, and about six at *Congleton*. Sunday 22. About one I preached at *Macclesfield*, near the preaching-house. The congregation was large, tho' the Wind was sharp. But it was more than doubled after the evening service, while I opened and enforced the solemn declaration, *Hum hath God exalted with his own right hand, to be a prince and a Saviour*. In the evening I rode on to *Manchester*.

Monday 23. After preaching at five, I hastened forward, and reached *Leeds* about five in the evening, where I had desired all the preachers in those parts to meet me; and an happy meeting we had both in the evening and morning. I afterwards enquired into the state of the Societies in *Yorkshire* and *Lincolnshire*. I find the work of God increases on every side; but particularly in *Lincolnshire*; where there has been no work like this, since the time I preached at *Epworth* on my Father's Tomb.

In the afternoon I talked with several of those who believe they are saved from sin. And after a close examination, I found reason to hope, that fourteen of them were not deceived. In the evening I expounded the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the *Corinthians*, and exhorted all, to weigh themselves in that ballance, and see if they were not found wanting.

Wednesday 25. I took horse early, breakfasted with Mr. *Venn*, and about four in the afternoon came to *Stockport*. Finding the congregation waiting, I preached immediately, and then rode on to *Manchester*; where I rested Thursday. Friday 27. I rode to *Bridgefield*, in the midst of the *Derbyshire* mountains, and cried to a large congregation, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink*. And they did indeed drink in the word, as the thirsty earth the showers. About six I preached at *Stockport*. Here I enquired after a young man, who was some time since much in earnest for salvation. But it was not long before he

grew quite cold, and left the society. Within a few months after, he left the world, and that by his own hand! The next day I returned to *Manchester*.

Sunday 29. We had an uncommon blessing, both morning and afternoon. In the evening I met the Believers, and strongly exhorted them, to go on to perfection. To many of them it seemed a new Doctrine. However they all received it in love: and a flame was kindled, which I trust neither men nor devils shall ever be able to quench.

Tuesday 31. I rode to *Altringham*. We had four rooms, which opened into each other. But they would not near contain the congregation, so that many were obliged to stand without. I believe many were wounded, and some much comforted. Perhaps this town will not be quite so furious as it has been.

In the evening we had abundance of genteel people at *Manchester*, while I described *Faith* as the evidence of things not seen. I left *Manchester*, in the morning, April 1, in a better condition than ever I knew it before: such is the shaking not only among the dry bones, but likewise among the living souls.

About noon I preached at *Little-Leigh*, and at *Chester* in the evening. Thursday 2. I rode over to *Tatten-hall*, eight or nine miles from *Chester*. When we came the town seemed to be all in an uproar. Yet when I began preaching (in the open air, the house not being large enough to contain one quarter of the congregation) none opposed, or made the least disturbance, the fear of God falling upon them. I think *Tatten-hall* will be less bitter for the time to come. Well may Satan be angry with field-preaching.

Friday 3. I preached about one at *Mould* in *Flintshire*, and was again obliged to preach abroad though the wind was exceeding rough. All were deeply attentive. I preached in the evening at *Chester*, and in the morning set out for *Liverpool*, I came thither, (preaching at *Warrington* by the way) in the evening. The election seemed to have driven the common sort of people out of their senses. But on Sunday

Sunday they were tolerably recovered, and the town looked like itself. I heard two useful sermons at our parish church; one upon, *Follow, peace with all men, and holiness*; the other on, *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord*. I pity those who "can learn nothing at church."

Monday 13. I left them at *Liverpool*, a little increased in number, but very considerably in strength being now entirely united together in judgment, as well as in affection.

About noon I preached to a serious congregation, at *Downah-green*, near *Wigan*: but to a far more serious one in the evening at *Bolton*. I find few places like this. All disputes are forgot: and the Christians do indeed love one another. When I visited the classes, on Wednesday 15, I did not find a disorderly walker among them: no, nor a trifler. They appeared to be, one and all, seriously seeking salvation.

Thursday 16. After preaching at noon, I rode to *Lower-darwen*, near *Blackburn*, where a large congregation behaved with deep seriousness. Leaving honest Mr. *Grimshaw* to preach in the morning, I set out early, and in the evening reached a little quiet house a few miles beyond *Kendal*, to which I believe, we did not come in vain. The man of the house, having been long ill, was thankful for advice, with regard to his bodily disorder. And his guests appeared right willing to receive some advice with respect to their souls.

Saturday 18. We were soon lost on the mountains. But in an hour we found a cottage, and a good woman, who had her son "take the galloway, and guide them to the *Fell foot*." There we met a poor man just coming from a doctor who I think had quite mistaken his case. Perhaps his meeting us may save his life. He piloted us over the next mountain, the like to which I never beheld either in *Wales* or *Germany*. As we were climbing the third, a man overtook us, who was going the same road. So he

accompanied us till we were in a plain, level way, which in three hours brought us to *Whitehaven*.

Sunday 19. I preached morning and evening at the *Gins*, to far more people than the house would have contained. At one I preached in the assembly-room at *Workington*. The whole congregation behaved well: though I could not perceive, that the greater part understood any thing of the matter.

Wednesday 22. About noon I preached at *Branthwayte*, and in the evening at *Lorton*. Who would imagine, that deism should find its way into the heart of these enormous mountains! Yet so it is. Yea, and one who once knew the love of God, is a strenuous advocate for it.

Saturday 25. As the people at *Whitehaven* are usually full of zeal, right or wrong, I this evening shewed them the nature of Christian zeal. Perhaps some of them may now distinguish the flame of love, from a fire kindled in hell.

Sunday 26. I preached in the morning at the *Gins*, in the room at one, and about five at *Cockermouth*, on the steps of the market-house. Even the genteel hearers were decent: many of the rest seemed deeply affected. The people of the town have never been uncivil. Surely they will not always be unfruitful.

Monday 27. I preached at eight in the market-place at *Wigton*. The congregation, when I began, consisted of one woman, two boys, and three or four little girls. But in a quarter of an hour we had most of the town. I was a good deal moved at the exquisite self-sufficiency, which was visible in the countenance, air and whole deportment, of a considerable part of them. This constrained me to use a very uncommon plainness of speech. They bore it well. Who knows but some may profit?

Before noon we came to *Solway-frith*. The guide told us, it was not passable. But I resolved to try, and got over well. Having lost ourselves, but twice or thrice, in one of the most difficult roads I ever saw, we came to *Moffat* in the evening. Tuesday 28. We rode partly over the mountains, partly with moun-

mountains on either hand, between which was a clear, winding river, and about four in the afternoon reached *Edinburgh*.

Here I met Mr. *Hopper*, who had promised to preach in the evening, in a large room, lately an Episcopal meeting-house. Wednesday 29. It being extremely cold, I preached in the same room at seven. Some of the reputable hearers cried out in amaze, "Why, this is sound doctrine! Is this *he*, of whom Mr. — used to talk so?" Talk as he will, I shall not retaliate.

I preached again in the evening, and the next day rode round, by the *Queen's-Ferry* to *Dundee*. But the wind being high, the boat-men could not, at least would not pass. Nor could we pass the next day till between nine and ten. We then rode on thro' *Montrose* to *Stonehaven*. Here Mr. *Memis* met us, and on Saturday morning brought us to his house at *Aberdeen*.

In the afternoon I sent to the Principal and Regent, to desire leave to preach in the *College-Cloſe*. This was readily granted; but as it began to rain, I was desired to go into the hall. I suppose this is full an hundred feet long, and seated all around. The congregation was large, notwithstanding the rain, and full as large at five in the morning. Sunday May 3. I heard two useful sermons at the Kirk, one preached by the Principal of the College, the other by the Divinity Professor. A huge multitude afterwards gathered together, in the *College-Cloſe*. And all that could hear seemed to receive the truth in love. I then added about twenty to the little society. Fair blossoms! But how many of these will bring forth fruit?

Monday 4. We had another large congregation at five. Before noon, twenty more came to me, desiring to cast in their lot with us, and appearing to be cut to the heart.

About noon I took a walk to the *King's College* in *Old Aberdeen*. It has three sides of a square handsomely built, not unlike *Queen's College* in *Oxford*.

Going up to see the hall, we found a large company of ladies with several gentlemen. They looked, and spoke to one another, after which, one of the gentlemen took courage and came to me. He said, "We came last night to the *College-Close*, but could not hear, and should be extremely obliged, if you would give us a short discourse here." I knew not what God might have to do, and so began without delay, on *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself*. I believe, the word was not lost. It fell as dew on the tender grass.

In the afternoon I was walking in the Library of the *Marshall-College*, when the Principal, and the Divinity Professor, came to me, and the latter invited me to his lodgings, where I spent an hour very agreeably. In the evening the eagerness of the people made them ready to trample each other under foot. It was some time before they were still enough to hear; but then they devoured every word. After preaching, Sir *Archibald Grant* (whom business had called to town) sent and desired to speak to me. I could not then, but promised to wait upon him, with God's leave, in my return to *Edinburgh*.

Tuesday 5. I accepted the Principal's invitation, and spent an hour with him at his house. I observed no stiffness at all, but the easy good breeding of a man of sense and learning. I suppose both he and all the professors, with some of the magistrates, attended in the evening. I set all the windows open, but the hall, notwithstanding, was as hot as a *Bagno*. But this did not hinder either the attention of the people, or the blessing of God.

Wednesday 6. We dined at Mr. *Ogilvey's*, one of the ministers, between whom the city is divided. A more open-hearted, friendly man, I know not that I ever saw. And indeed I have scarce seen such a set of Ministers, in any town of *Great-Britain* or *Ireland*.

At half hour after six I stood in the *College-Close*, and proclaimed *Christ crucified*. My voice was so strength-

strengthened that all could hear; and all were earnestly attentive. I have now cast my bread upon the waters: may I find it again after many days.

Thursday 7. Leaving near ninety members in the society, I rode over to Sir A. Grant's, near Monymusk, about twenty miles North-West from Aberdeen. It lies in a fruitful and pleasant valley, much of which is owing to Sir Archibald's improvements, who has ploughed up abundance of waste ground, and planted some millions of trees. His stately old house is surrounded by gardens, and rows of trees, with a clear river on one side. And about a mile from his house, he has laid out a small valley into walks and Gardens, on one side of which the river runs. On each side rises a steep mountain; one rocky and bare, the other covered with trees, row above row, to the very top.

About six we went to the church. It was pretty well filled with such persons as we did not look for, so near the *High-lands*. But if we were surprized at their appearance, we were much more so at their singing. Thirty or forty sung an anthem after sermon, with such voices as well as judgment, that I doubt where they could have been excelled at any cathedral in *England*.

Friday 8. We rode to *Glimmish*, about sixty-four measured miles, and on Saturday 9. about sixty-six more, to *Edinburgh*. I was tired; however I would not disappoint the congregation: and God gave me strength according to my day.

Sunday 10. I had designed to preach near the infirmary. But some of the managers would not suffer it. So I preached in our room, morning and evening, even to the rich and honourable. And I bear them witness, they will endure plain dealing, whether they profit by it, or not.

Monday 11. I took my leave of *Edinburgh* for the present. The situation of the city, on a hill shelving down on both sides, as well as to the east, with the stately castle upon a craggy rock on the west, is inexpressibly fine. And the main street so broad and finely

finely paved, with the lofty houses on either hand (many of them seven or eight stories high) is far beyond any in *Great-Britain*. But how can it be suffered, that all manner of filth should still be thrown even into this street continually? Where are the magistracy, the gentry, the nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long shall the capital city of *Scotland*, yea, and the chief street of it, stink worse than a common-sewer? Will no lover of his country, or of decency and common sense, find a remedy for this?

Holyrood-house, at the entrance of *Edinburgh*, the antient palace of the *Scottish* kings, is a noble structure. It was re-built and furnished by king *Charles* the second. One side of it is a picture-gallery, wherein are pictures of all the *Scottish* kings, and an original one of the celebrated queen *Mary*. It is scarce possible for any who looks at this, to think her such a monster as some have painted her: nor indeed for any who considers the circumstances of her death, equal to that of an antient martyr.

I preached in the evening at *Musselborough*, and at five in the morning. Then we rode on to *Haddington*, where (the rain driving me in) I preached between nine and ten in provost *Dickson's* parlour. About one I preached at *North-berwick*, a pretty largetown, close to the sea-shore; and at seven in the evening (the rain continuing) in the house at *Dunbar*.

Wednesday, May 13. It being a fair mild evening, I preached near the key to most of the inhabitants of the town, and spoke full as plain as the evening before. Every one seemed to receive it in love. Probably if there was regular preaching here, much good might be done.

Thursday 14. I set out early and preached at noon on the *Bowling-green* at *Berwick-upon-Tweed*. In the evening I preached at *Alnwick*. Friday 15. Abundance of soldiers came in, on their way to *Germany*. Many of these attended the preaching, to whom I could not but make a particular application. And

who

who knows, but what they have now heard, may stand them in stead in a day of trial?

Saturday 16. One of our friends importuned me much to give them a sermon at *Warksworth*. And a post chaise came for me to the door; in which I found one waiting for me, whom in the bloom of youth mere anguish of soul had brought to the gates of death. She told me the troubles which held her in on every side, from which she saw no way to escape. I told her, "The way lies strait before you. What you want is the pure love of God. I believe God will give it you shortly. Perhaps it is his good pleasure, to make you a poor, bruised reed, the first witness here of that great salvation. Look for it just as you are, unfit, unworthy, unholy, by simple faith, every day, every hour." She did feel the next day something she could not comprehend, and knew not what to call it. In one of the trials which used to sink her to the earth, she was all calm, all peace and love: enjoying so deep a communion with God, as nothing external could interrupt. Ah thou child of affliction, of sorrow and pain, hath Jesus found out thee also? And he is able to find and bring back thy husband, as far as he is wandered out of the way.

About noon I preached at *Warksworth*, to a congregation as quiet and attentive as that at *Abtwick*. How long shall we forget, that God can raise the dead? Were not we dead, till he quickened us?

A little above the town, on one side of the river, stand the remains of a magnificent castle. On the other side, toward the bottom of a steep hill, covered with wood, is an antient chapel, with several apartments adjoining to it, hewn in the solid rock. The windows, the pillars, the communion-table, and several other parts are intire. But where are the inhabitants? Gathered to their fathers, some of them I hope, in *Abraham's* bosom, till rocks, and rivers and mountains flee away, and the dead, small and great, stand before God!

Sunday

Sunday 17. I preached at eight in *Alnwick*, and about one at *Alnmouth*, a poor, barren place, where as yet there is no fruit of all the seed which has been sown. But there may be, since many are still willing to hear.

In the evening a multitude of people, and a little army of soldiers were gathered in the market-place at *Alnwick*. In the morning they were to march for *Germany*. I hope some of them have "put their armour on."

Monday 18. At nine I preach'd to a large and serious congregation at *Widdrington*. Thence we rode at *Morpeth*. As it was a rainy day, they expected me to preach in the Room. But observing a large, covered place in the Market-place, I went thither without delay. It was soon more than filled: and many, soldiers and others, stood on the outside, notwithstanding the rain. Why should we despair of doing good in any place, because we do not see present fruit? At five I preached to the honest, simple-hearted Colliers at *Placey*, and before sun-set reached *Newcastle*.

Tuesday the 19th was a day of rest. In the evening God was with us of a truth: and many felt their hearts burn with fervent desire of being renewed in the whole image of God. The same flame was kindled at *Gateshead-Fell*, while I was opening and applying those words, *Every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he is pure.*

Thursday 21. I was much struck with a story told by *Ephraim Syrus*. I wonder it was never translated into English. It is as follows.

"My beloved brethren, I have a desire to relate to you, what our brother *Abraham* did in his old age. This blessed man had a brother according to the flesh, who had an only child. When her father fell asleep, she remained an orphan. Her friends brought her to him, being six years old. He ordered her to be placed in the outer cell: he himself abode in the inner. A little door was between them. He taught her the Psalms and the other Scriptures, and watched

and sang with her. And as he lived an austere life, so did she, willingly profiting in every exercise, and labouring to excell in all virtues. The Holy man often besought God for her with tears, that her heart might be fixt on God, and not intangled with the care of worldly things; for her father had left her much wealth, which by his advice she gave to the poor. And she intreated him, saying, "Pray for me, that I may be delivered from evil thoughts, and from all the wiles and snares of the devil." The blessed man rejoiced, seeing her good conversation and forwardness, and tears, her lowliness, meekness, quietness of spirit, and earnest love to God. And for twenty years she thus exercised herself with him, as a fair lamb, a spotless dove.

"When the twentieth year was fulfill'd, the devil was mad against her, and lay in wait to get her into his net. There was a man, in name *Religious*, but not in truth, who frequently came to consult *Abraham*. He saw the maid, and his heart burnt within him. He lay in wait for her a whole year, 'till her heart was inflamed also. And opening the door of her cell, she went out to him, and consented to his will. But no sooner had she committed wickedness, than she rent her cloaths, smote her breast, and thought of putting an end to her own life. For she said in her self, "Now I am dead, and I have lost all my time and all my labour, and my austerity, and my tears are perished, and I have destroyed my own soul, and I have brought sorrow upon the man of God, and am become a laughing stock to the devil. Why do I live any longer? Ah me, what have I done? Ah me, from whence, how low am I fallen! How shall I be hid? Where shall I go? Into what pit shall I cast myself? Where is the exhortation of the blessed man." "Keep thy soul spotless for thy immortal bridegroom." I dare no more look up to heaven. I am lost, both to God and men. I dare not approach that holy man, sinner as I am and full of uncleanness. Were I to make such an attempt, surely fire would come out of that door, and consume

consume me. It is better for me to go where none knows me. For I am undone, and there is no salvation for me." And rising up, she went straight to another city, and became servant at an inn.

A little before this, Abraham saw a vision. A dragon, great and terrible, rising out of his place. And coming to his cell, he found a dove and devoured it, and then returned to his place. The holy man coming to himself, was much troubled and wept bitterly and said, "Thou, Lord, knowest all things: and thou only knowest what this vision meaneth." After two days, he saw the same dragon again. And he came out of his place, to the blessed man, and laying his head under Abraham's feet, burst asunder, and the dove was found alive in the dragon's belly.

Coming to himself, he called once and again, saying, "Child, where art thou? Behold, here are two days that thou hast not opened thy mouth, in the praise of God." Finding that none answered, and that she was not there, he perceived the vision, related to her. And he groaned in spirit and said, "O Saviour of the world, bring back this lamb into thy fold, that my gray hairs come not down with sorrow to the grave. Lord, despise not my supplication. But send down thy hand, and take her out of the mouth of the dragon that hath devoured her."

After a season he heard where she was; and having learned all things concerning her, he called one of his friends, and said to him, "Bring me an horse and the habit of a soldier." And having put it on, with a large cap upon his head, he left his cell, and rode away. Being come to the place, he alighted, and went in; and after a time said to the Inn-keeper, "Friend, I have heard thou hast a beautiful damsel here. Call her to me, that I may rejoice with her." Being called, she came. When the holy man saw her, in her harlot's attire, he was melting into tears. But he refrained himself, that she might not perceive it. After they sat down, she embraced him, and kissed his neck. And she smelled the smell of his cell, and called to mind past things, and groaning

groaning deeply, said, "Woe is me! What am I?" The Inn-keeper, being astonished, said, "Mary, thou hast now been with us two years, and I never heard thee groan before, or heard such a word from thee. What is come to thee?" She answered, "Would I had died three years since; then I had been happy."

Immediately Abraham said to him, "Prepare us a supper, that we may rejoice together; for I am come from far for her sake." After supper he said to him, "Let us go into the chamber." And when they were come in, he saw a bed made ready. And he sat upon it, and said, "Make fast the door." She made it fast, and came to him. Having taken hold of her, so that she could not run away, he took off his cap, and said to her weeping, "My child, Mary, dost thou not know me? Am not I he that brought thee up? Mary, what is come to thee? Who hath destroyed thee, my daughter? Where are thy prayers and thy tears? Thy watching and holy exercise? My child, when thou hadst sinned, why didst thou not tell me, that I might have humbled myself for thee? My daughter, why hast thou done this? Why hast thou forsaken thy father?" She remain'd in his hands as a lifeless stone: Till he said to her with tears, "Dost thou not speak to me, my child, Mary? Dost thou not speak to me? Am I not come hither for thy sake? I have besought the Lord concerning thee." Till midnight he continued exhorting and comforting her. Then coming a little to herself, she said to him weeping, "I cannot look at thee; for I am defiled with sin." The blessed man replied, "On me be thy sin; only come: let us go to our place." She said to him, "If it be possible for me to repent, and if God can accept my repentance, I come: And I fall down, and kiss thy steps, wetting them with my tears, that thou hast thus had compassion on me a forlorn wretch, and art come hither, to draw me out of the mire of sin?" And laying her head at his feet, she wept bitterly all the night, saying, "What shall I render thee for all thy benefits?"

Early in the morning, he set her upon the horse, and went before her with great joy. And being come to his place, he put her in the inner cell; where she gladly resumed her former exercise, with sackcloth and ashes, and much humiliation, with mourning and watching, and ceaseless calling upon God. And the merciful Lord gave her a sign that he accepted her repentance, healing many that were sick, thro' her prayers.

Holy Abraham lived ten years after, beholding her good conversation, and blessing and praising and magnifying God. Then having lived seventy years, he slept in peace. Mary survived him thirty and five years, calling upon God night and day: inasmuch that all who passed by, glorified God, who saveth them that were gone astray.

Among the believers, who met in the evening, God has kindled a vehement desire of his full salvation. Enquiring how it was, that in all these parts, we have scarce one living witness of this, I constantly received from every person one and the same answer, "We see now, we fought it by our works. We thought it was to come gradually. We never expected to receive it in a moment, by faith, as we did justification." What wonder is it then, that you have been fighting all these years, as one that beatech the air.

Friday 22. I earnestly exhorted all who were sensible of their wants, and athirst for holiness, to look unto Jesus: to come to him *just as they were*, and receive all his promises. And surely it will not be long, before some of these also are fully saved by simple faith.

Saturday 23. I rode over to Placey. I was wet through both going and coming; but I did not repent of my journey. Such a number gathered together, a great part of whom could rejoice in God. These were quite ripe for all the great and precious promises, which they received with all gladness.

Monday 25. I rode to Shields, and preached in an open place to a listening multitude. Many of them

lowed me to *South-Shields*, where I preached in the evening to almost double the congregation. How ripe for the gospel are these also? What is wanting but more labourers?

"More! Why, is there not here (as in every parish in England) a particular minister who takes care of all their souls?" There is one here, who takes charge of all their souls: What care of them he takes, is another question. It may be, he neither knows, nor cares, whether they are going to heaven or hell. Does he ask man, woman or child any question about it, from one Christmas to the next? O what account will such a pastor give, to the Great Shepherd in that day!

Tuesday 26. I went on to *Sunderland*, and in the evening preached in the new house. The next evening I preached at *Monk-were-mouth*.

Thursday 28. About noon I preached at *Biddick*, and the power of God was in the midst of his people; and more eminently at *Sunderland* in the evening. After preaching, I met the believers, and exhorted them to go on to perfection. It pleased God to apply the plain words which were spoken, so that all were athirst for him. Objections vanished away: and a flame was kindled almost in every heart.

Sunday 31. I preached again, both morning and evening in *Monk-were-mouth* church. But it would not near contain the people, many of whom were constrained to go away. After evening service I hastened to *Newcastle*, and exhorted a willing multitude. To stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, and walk therein.

In the week following I preached at many little places round *Newcastle*. Friday, June 5. I went to *Brudhoe*, where there had been some jar in the society, occasioned by a few, who had lately espoused, and warmly defended a new opinion. I said not one word about it, but preached on, there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Afterwards perceiving their hearts were much softened, I met the society,

Society, and exhorted them to beware of bitter zeal, and to walk in love, as Christ also loved us. They were ashamed before God, and (for the present at least) their contentions were at an end.

In the evening I preached at *Nafferton*; and the next morning rode to *Wilmington*, where I had appointed to be between twelve and one. They placed the stand exactly fronting the sun, which shone very warm and very bright. But almost as soon as I began, the clouds rose and shadowed us till I concluded. I preached at *Swatawell* at five, to such a congregation as was never seen there before.

Monday 8. I rode to *Hexham*, and preached at noon in an open place near the church. Some expected there would be much disturbance; but there was none at all. We rode thence over the mountains to *Allendale*, where I had not been for several years. After preaching and meeting the society, I took horse again, and crossing another chain of mountains, reached *Wardale* before eleven.

Thursday 9. I preached at nine, but was obliged to stand abroad, because of the multitude of people. The sun shone full in my face, but after having spent a short time in prayer, I regarded it not. I then met the society, and came just in time, to prevent their all turning Dissenters, which they were on the point of doing, being quite disgusted at the curate, whose life was no better than his doctrine.

At noon I preached in *Teesdale*. Most of the men are lead-miners, who a while ago were turned out of their work for following this way. By this means many of them got into far better work. And some time after, their old master was glad to employ them again.

We had a long stage from hence to *Swaledale*, where I found an earnest, loving, simple people, whom I likewise exhorted, Not to leave the church, tho' they had not the best of ministers. I then baptized a man and two women, who had been bred among the Anabaptists: and I believe all of them

received

received such a blessing therein, as they were not able to express.

Wednesday 10. I took horse at half hour past three, and reached *Barnard-castle* soon after six. I preached at eight in a ground adjoining to the town. Are these the people that a few Years ago, were like roaring lions? They were now quiet as lambs: nor could several showers drive them away till I concluded. In the evening I preached at *Branpeth*, near *Bishop-awkland*. Most of the congregation, tho' I stood in the street, were deeply attentive. Only one, a kind of gentleman, seemed displeased. But he had none to second him.

Friday 12. We had one of the most solemn watch-nights at *Newcastle*, which we have had for several years. Saturday 13. I rode once more to *Sunderland*, and preached as usual, to a numerous congregation. Sunday 14. After Mr. G. had read prayers, I spoke exceeding plain to as many as could croud into the church. And out of so many that are called, will not some be chosen?

About three I preached at *Cateshead-Fell*; about five, at the *Garth-heads*: at each place to a larger congregation, than I ever saw there before. What a change is wrought in this whole country? And will it not be wrought in the whole kingdom?

Monday 15. I rode to *Durham*, having appointed to preach there at noon. The meadow, near the river side, was quite convenient, and the small rain neither disturbed me nor the congregation. In the afternoon I rode to *Hartlepool*. But I had much ado to preach. My strength was gone as well as my voice; and indeed they generally go together. Three days in a week I can preach thrice a day without hurting myself. But I had now far exceeded this, besides meeting classes, and exhorting the societies. I was obliged to lie down good part of Tuesday: however in the afternoon I preached at *Cherington*, and in the evening at *Hartlepool* again, tho' not without difficulty. Wednesday 17. I rode to *Stockton*, where a little before the time of preach-

ing, my voice and strength were restored at once. The next evening it began to rain just as I began to preach: but it was suspended 'till the service was over. It then rained again till eight in the morning.

Friday 19. It was hard work to ride eight miles, so called, in two hours and an half: the rain beating hard upon us, and the by-road being exceeding slippery. But we forgot all this, when we came to the Grange: so greatly was God present with his people. Thence we rode to *Darlington*. Here we were under a difficulty again. Not half the people could come in, and the rain forbade my preaching without. But at one (the hour of preaching) the rain stopt, and did not begin again 'till past two. So the people stood very conveniently in the yard. And many did not care to go away. When I went in, they crowded to the door, and windows, and stayed till I took horse. At seven I preached at *Yarm*, and desired one of our brethren to take my place in the morning.

Saturday 20. At noon I applied those words, *Now abide faith, hope, love: but the greatest of these is love.*

This evening also it rained at *Hutton-Rugby*, 'till seven, the hour of preaching. But God heard the prayer, and from the time I began, we had only some scattering drops. After sermon the society alone, filled the new preaching house. So mightily has the word of God prevailed, since *Alexander Mather* laboured here.

Sunday 21. I preached to a larger congregation than in the evening, on *Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God!* I then rode to *Osmotherley*, where the minister read prayers seriously, and preached an useful sermon. After service I began in the churchyard, I believe many were wounded, and many comforted. After dinner I called on Mr. Adams, who first invited me to *Osmotherley*. He was reading the strange account of the two missionaries, who have lately made such a figure in the News-papers. I suppose the whole account is just such another gross

impollution upon the public, as the man's gathering
the people together to see him go into the quart bot-
tle. "Men seven hundred years old. And why
not seven yards high? He that can believe it, let him
believe it."

At five I preached at *Potto*, a mile from *Hutton*.
When I began, I was extremely weak. But God re-
newed my strength, and so applied his word, that
it seemed as if every one must believe it. But the scrip-
ture cannot be broken. Some seed will still fall by
the way-side, and some on stony ground.

Monday 22. I spoke one by one, to the society at
Hutton-Rugby. They were about eighty in number;
of whom near seventy were believers, and sixteen
(probably) renewed in love. Here were two bands
of children, one of boys, and one of girls, most of
whom were walking in the light. Four of those
who seem'd to be saved from him, were of one family;
and all of them walked holy and unblameable,
adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour.

At eleven I preached once more, though in great
weakness of body, and met the stewards of all the
societies. I then rode to *Stokefley*, and having exa-
mined the little society, went on for *Gisborough*. The
sun was burning hot, but in a quarter of an hour, a
cloud interposed and he troubled us no more. I was
desired by a gentleman of the town, to preach in
the Market-place. And there a table was placed
for me. But it was in a bad neighbourhood. For
there was so vehement a stench of stinking fish, as
was ready to suffocate me. And the people roared
like the waves of the sea: But the voice of the Lord
was mightier. And in a few minutes the whole mul-
titude was still, and seriously attended, while I pro-
claimed *Jesus Christ*, made of God unto us wisdom, and
righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

Tuesday 23. I began about five, near the same
place, and had a great part of the same audience.
Yet they were not the same: the change might ea-
sily be read in their countenance. When we took
horse, and just faced the sun, it was hard work for

man

man and beast. But about eight, the wind shifted and blowing in our face, kept us cool, till we came to *Whitby*.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill, to which you ascend by an hundred, ninety and one steps. The congregation was exceeding large, and ninety nine in an hundred were attentive. When I began, the sun shone full in my face: but he was soon clouded, and shone no more till I had done.

After meeting the society, I talked with a sensible woman, whose experience seemed peculiar. She said, "A few days before Easter last, I was deeply convinced of sin: and in Easter-week, I knew my sins were forgiven, and was filled with joy and peace in believing. But in about eighteen days, I was convinced in a dream of the necessity of an higher salvation: and I mourned day and night, in agony of desire to be thoroughly sanctified: till on the 23d day after my justification, I found a total change, together with a clear witness, that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all unrighteousness."

Wednesday 24. I walked round the Old Abbey, which both with regard to its size, (being, I judge an hundred yards long) and the workmanship of it, is one of the finest, if not the finest ruin in the kingdom. Hence we rode to *Robin-hood's-Bay*, where I preached at six in the Lower-street, near the Key. In the midst of the sermon a large cat, frighted out of a chamber, leaped down upon a woman's head, and ran over the heads or shoulders of many more. But none of them moved, or cried out, any more than if it had been a butterfly.

Thursday 25. I had a pleasant ride to *Scarborough*, the wind tempering the heat of the sun. I had designed to preach abroad in the evening; but the thunder, lightning, and rain prevented. However I stood on a balcony, and several hundreds of people stood below: and notwithstanding the heavy rain, would not stir, till I concluded.

Friday 26. I rode to *Hull*, and had there also the comfort of finding some witnesses of the Great Sal-

vation.

vation. I was constrained to leave them early in the morning, on Saturday 27. At seven, I preached in *Beverley*, about one, in *Pocklington*, and at *York* in the evening, to far the genteelest audience I have had, since I left *Edinburgh*.

Monday 29. I met the classes, and found many therein who were much alive to God. But many others were utterly dead, which sufficiently accounts for the society's not increasing. Wednesday, July 1, the stewards met, from the societies in the country. In the evening we all wrestled with God, for the revival of his work. Many found their hearts much enlarged herein, and had confidence he would answer the prayer.

Thursday 2. I set out early for *North-Cave*, twenty computed miles from *York*. I preached there at nine to a deeply serious congregation, and was much refreshed. At two, I preached to such another congregation at *Thorpe*, and concluded the day, by preaching and meeting the society at *Pocklington*.

Friday 3. We returned to *York*, where I was desired to call upon a poor prisoner in the Castle. I had formerly occasion to take notice of an hideous monster, called a *chancery bill*, I now saw the fellow to it, called a *declaration*. The plain fact was this. Some time since a man who lived near *Yarm*, assisted others in running some Brandy. His share was worth near four pounds. After he had wholly left off that bad work, and was following his own business, that of a weaver, he was arrested, and sent to *York goal*. And not long after comes down a *declaration*, "that *Jac. Wh*—— had landed a vessel laded with Brandy and Geneva, at the port of *London*, and sold them there, whereby he was indebted to his Majesty 577*l*. and upwards." And to tell this worthy story, the Lawyer takes up thirteen or fourteen sheets of trebly stamp paper.

O *England, England!* Will this reproach never be rolled away from thee? Is there any thing like this to be found, either among Papists, Turks or Heathens? In the name of truth, justice, mercy, and common

common sense, I ask 1. Why do men lie, for lying fake? Is it only, to keep their hands dry? What need else, of saying it was the Port of London? When every one knew the Brandy was landed, above three hundred miles from thence? What a monstrous Contempt of Truth does this shew, or rather hatred to it? 2. Where is the justice of swelling four pounds into five hundred and seventy seven? Where is the Common sense, of taking up fourteen sheets to tell a story, that may be told in ten lines? 3. Where is the mercy, of thus grinding the face of the poor? Thus sucking the blood of a poor, beggared prisoner? Would not this be execrable villainy, if the paper and writing together were only six-pence a sheet, when they have strip him already of his little All, and not left him fourteen groats in the world?

Sunday 5. Believing one hindrance of the work of God in York, was the neglect of Field-preaching, I preached this morning at eight, in an open place, near the city walls. Abundance of people ran together, most of whom were deeply attentive. One or two only were angry, and threw a few stones: but it was labour lost; for none regarded them.

Monday 6. I rode to Tadcaster, and preached within the rain not suffering us to be abroad, as I intended. In the evening, I preached at Otley, and afterward talked with many of the society. There is reason to believe, that ten or twelve of these, are filled with the love of God. I found one or two more, the next day at Fawston, a few miles north of Otley, (where I preached at noon) whom God had raised up, to witness the same good confession. And indeed the whole congregation seemed just ripe, for receiving all the promises.

Wednesday 8. I rode to Knaresborough, where it was expected, we should not meet with so friendly a reception. But the Lord is King. Our own house being too small, I preached in the Assembly room. Most of the people looked wild enough when they came in. But they were tame before they went out.

and behaved as decently and seriously, as the congregation at Otley.

Indeed the mob never was so furious here, as they were formerly at Otley, where the good magistrates directed, "Do what you will them, so you break no bones." But may not a man cut his neighbour's throat without breaking his bones.

The remaining part of this week I preached at Guiseley, Bingley, and Kighley. Sunday 22. I had appointed to be at Haworth. But the church would not near contain the people, who came from all sides. However Mr. Grimshaw had provided for this, by fixing a scaffold on the outside of some of the windows, thro which I went after prayers, and the people likewise all went out into the Church-yard. The afternoon congregation was larger still. What has God wrought in the midst of these rough mountains!

Monday 23. At five I preached on the manner of waiting for *Perfect Love*: the rather to satisfy Mr. Grimshaw, whom many had laboured, to puzzle and perplex about it. So once more their bad labour was lost, and we were more united both in heart and judgment than ever.

At noon I preached in *Cole*, once inaccessible to the gospel; but now the yard I was in, would not contain the people. I believe, I might have preached at the cross, without the least interruption.

About 5. I preached at *Paddiham*, another place eminent for all manner of wickedness. The multitude of people obliged me to stand in the yard of the preaching-house. Over against me, at a little distance sat some of the most impudent women I ever saw. Yet I am not sure, that God did not reach their hearts. For

"They roar'd, and would have blush'd, if capable of shame."

In the morning I preached at *Bentley Wood-Green*, on *Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect*. Mr. Grafterwards told me, That this perfection he firmly believed, and daily prayed for, namely, The love of God and man; producing all those fruits which are described in our Lord's sermon upon the mount.

About

About noon I preached at *Baycup*, a village in *Rosendale*. The new Preaching-house is large, but not large enough to contain the congregation. Soon after five, I preached at *Heptonstall*. The society here had been greatly hurt by two leaders, getting into new opinions. One of them fell upon me directly, for "denying the righteousness of Christ." On this we discoursed about an hour. The issue was, one of them was quite convinced: and the other (to my no small satisfaction) desired me to put a new leader in his place.

Wednesday 15. About seven I preached at *Eswood*, and about noon at *Halifax*. New opinions had done harm here also. But at this time all was quiet. I rode over to *Bradford* in the afternoon, where I found an Anabaptist teacher had perplexed and unsettled the minds of several. But they are now less ignorant of Satan's devices.

Friday 17. I rode to *Birstal*, and was much comforted, to find many of our first children in this county, who are not yet weary of the good, old way. May they continue therein unto the day of the Lord Jesus!

Saturday 18. At one I preached at *South-Royd*. The good people had placed the stand, so that the sun, which was very hot, shone upon my head, and the wind, which was very cold, blew in my neck. But it was all one: I was on my master's business. And great was our rejoicing in Him.

Sunday 19. I preached in *Birstal* room at eight. At one we had thousands upon thousands, the greatest part of whom were persons fearing God and working righteousness. I rode thence to *Leeds*, in order to preach a funeral sermon for *Mary Shent*, who after many severe conflicts, died in great peace. It was one of the largest congregations, which has been seen at *Leeds*, to whom I spoke very plain from part of the gospel for the day, Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.

I hastened back to the Love-feast at *Birstal*. It was the first of the kind which had been there. Many were

were surprized when I told them, " the very design of a Love-feast is a free and familiar conversation, in which every man, yea and woman has liberty to speak whatever may be to the glory of God." Several then did speak; and not in vain: The flame ran from heart to heart. Especially while one was declaring with all simplicity, the manner wherein God, during the morning sermon, (on those words, *I will: be thou clean*) had set her soul at full liberty. Two men also spoke to the same effect: and two others, who had found peace with God. We then joyfully poured out our souls before God, and praised him for his marvellous works.

Monday 20. I came to a full explanation, with that good man, Mr. V——. Lord, if I *must* dispute, let it be with the children of the devil. Let me be at peace with *thy* children!

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I preached at the neighbouring towns. Friday 24, in speaking from those words, *In many things we offend all*, I observed, 1. As long as we live, our soul is connected with the body. 2. As long as it is thus connected, it cannot think but by the help of bodily organs. 3. As long as these organs are imperfect, we are liable to mistakes, both speculative and practical: 4. Yea, and a mistake may occasion my loving a good man less than I ought; which is a defective, that is, a wrong temper. 5. For all these we need the atoning blood, as in leed for every defect or omission. Therefore, 6. *all* men have need to say daily, *Forgive us our trespasses*.

About one, I preached at *Bramley*, where *Jonas Rushford*, about fourteen years old, gave me the following relation.

"About this time last year I was desired by two of our neighbours, to go with them to Mr. *Crowther's* at *Skipton*, who would not speak to them, about a man that had been missing twenty weeks, but bid them bring a boy twelve or thirteen years old. When we came in, he stood reading a book. He put me into a bed, with a looking-glass in my hand, and covered

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me all over. Then he asked me, whom I had a mind to see? And I said, "my mother." I presently saw her with a lock of wool in her hand, standing just in the place, and the cloaths she was in, as she told me afterwards. Then he bid me look again, for the man that was missing, who was one of our neighbours. And I looked and saw him riding towards *Idley*, but he was very drunk. And he stopped at the alehouse, and drank two pints more; and he pulled out a guinea to change. Two men stood by, a big man and a little man, and they went on before him, and got two hedge-stakes. And when he came up, on *Windel Common*, at the top of the hill, they pulled him off his horse, and killed him, and threw him into a coal-pit. And I saw it all as plain, as if I was close to them. And if I saw the men, I should know them again.

"We went back to *Bradford* that night; and the next day I went with our neighbours, and shewed them the spot where he was killed, and the pit he was thrown into. And a man went down, and brought him up. And it was as I had told them: his handkerchief was tied about his mouth, and fastened behind his neck."

Is it improbable only, or flatly impossible, when all the circumstances are considered, that this should all be pure fiction? They that can believe this, may believe a man's getting into a bottle.

From *Bramley* I rode to *Kippax*. Mr. Venn came a little after we were gone into the church. Mr. Romaine read prayers. I preached on *Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness*. O why should they who agree in this great point, fall out about smaller things!

Saturday 25. About one, I preached at *Seacroft*, and found several who believed God had saved them from sin. In the evening I talked with twelve or fourteen of these particularly. But I found not one, who presumed to say, that he did not need the atoning blood. Nor could I hear of any more than two persons, that ever spoke in this manner. And these

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were soon after, for that reason, expelled out of *Otley* society.

Sunday 26. I preached at *Seven*, on *Lord's if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean*. And oh! what a flame did God kindle! Many were "on fire, to be dissolved in love."

About one I preached to the usual congregation at *Birstal*. What a work is God working here also! Six in one class have within this week found peace with God: two, this morning, in meeting the class. While I was praying on Sunday evening, that God would give us a token for good, *James Eastwood* was set at full liberty: as were *William Wilson*, and *Elizabeth* his wife before, and *Martha* his daughter, with *Agnes Gooddel* on the Wednesday after. To these were added *Joseph Newsam*, and *Richard Hellewell*, sixteen years of age. So that the oldest of our believers now cry out, *We never saw it before on this fashion*.

Monday 27. I preached at *Staincross* about eleven; about five, at *Barley-hall*: the next morning at *Sheffield*. In the afternoon I rode on to *Matlock-Bath*. The valley which reaches from the town to the bath, is pleasant beyond expression. In the bottom of this runs a little river; close to which a mountain rises, almost perpendicular, to an enormous height, part covered with green, part with ragged and naked rocks. On the other side the mountain rises gradually, with tufts of trees here and there. The brow on both sides is fringed with trees, which seem to answer each other.

Many of our friends were come from various parts. At six, I preached standing under the hollow of a rock, on one side of a small plain, on the other side of which was a tall mountain. There were many well-drest hearers, this being the high season, and all of them behaved well. But as I walked back, a gentleman-like man asked me, "Why do you talk thus of *faith*, *stuff*, *nonsense*?" Upon enquiry, I found he was an eminent deist. What, has the plague crept into the *Peak of Derbyshire*?

Wednesday 20. I preached at five, near the *Bath*, in *Worcesters*, at two, and in the evening, at the end of the house in *Sheffield*, to thrice as many people as it would have contained. Thursday and Friday I preached at *Rotherham*, in the shell of the new house, which is an octagon. Pity our houses, where the ground will admit of it, should be built in any other form. The congregation was larger than ever: the society well united, and much alive to God.

Saturday August 1. I rode to *Clayworth*, and after preaching, laboured all I could to reconcile two brothers, who had long been quarrelling about their inheritance. But it was labour lost. Indeed the reason of the thing was clear: but passion is ever too hard for reason.

Hence I went on to *Misterton*, and both in the evening and morning, spoke to a lifeless, money-getting people, in a sharper manner than ever I did before: and (I heard afterward) with good effect.

Sunday 2. I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. *Madan* preach an excellent sermon at *Haxley*. At two I preached at *Westwood-side*, to the largest congregation I ever saw in the isle of *Axholme*: and to nearly the same at *Epworth-Crofts*, as soon as the church service was ended. After spending two days here, on Wednesday 5. I preached about nine at *Ferry*, and then rode on to *Gainsborough*. I preached in the old hall to a mixt multitude, part civil, part rude as bears. We rode home thro' heavy rain, joined with much thunder and lightning, part of which was just over our heads. But the Lord sitteth above the water clouds. So we came safe, only very wet, to *Epworth*.

Thursday 6. I preached about nine, at *Hatfield Wood-house*, and about one, at *Syke-house*, to far the largest congregation, which has been seen there for many years. Boast who will, that "*Methodism* (the revival of true religion) is just coming to nothing." We know better things, and are thankful to God for its continual increase.

Saturday 8. I preached at *Winterton*, to such a congregation, as I suppose never met there before. From thence

thence, we rode on to *Barrow*, where the mob was in readiness to receive us. But their hearts failed : so they gave only two or three huzzas, and let us pass by unmolested.

As soon as I came out to preach, we had another huzza. But as more and more of the angry ones came within hearing, they lost all their fierceness, and sunk into calmness and attention. So I concluded my discourse with quietness and satisfaction. In the evening I preached at *Grimsby*, where I spent Sunday, and Monday. Tuesday 11. I preached at two in *Lorborough*, in the evening, at *Elkington*. The next morning we rode to *Horncastle*, where Satan's children had threatened terrible things. But they could go no farther, than to give one feeble shout, as we enter'd into the town. As the house would not contain the congregation, I preached on the outside of it. And there was no disturbance. Indeed a silly, pert man spoke twice or thrice : but none regarded him.

About one I preached at *Sibsey*, on the edge of the *Fens*. There were a few wild colts here also. But all the rest, (and they were not a few) were serious and deeply attentive. So were most of the congregation even at *Boston*, tho' much astonished, as not being used to field-preaching.

Thursday 13. I took a walk thro' the Town. I think it is not much smaller than *Leeds* ; but, in general, it is far better built. The church is indeed a fine building. It is larger, loftier, nay, and rather more lightsome, than even *St. Peter's* at *Norwich*. And the steeple is I suppose, the highest tower in *England*, nor less remarkable for the architecture than the height. The congregation in the evening was far more numerous than the day before. And I trust, God fixt the arrows of conviction in not a few of their hearts.

We went forward after preaching at a friend's house, about nine miles from *Boston*. Friday 14. we rode to *Bellingsford*, and on Saturday, to *Norwich*. After spending a few days here, and, a few more at

~~Warrmouth~~ and ~~Colchester~~, on Saturday 22. I returned to ~~London~~.

I found the work of God swiftly increasing here. The congregations in every place were larger than they had been for several years. Many were from day to day convinced of sin. Many found peace with God. Many backsliders were healed, yea filled with joy unspeakable. And many believers entered into such a rest, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. Mean time, the enemy was not wanting in his endeavours, to sow tares among the good seed. I saw this clearly, but durst not use violence; lest in plucking up the tares, I should root up the wheat also.

Tuesday September 1. Our conference began, and ended on Saturday. After spending a fortnight more in ~~London~~, and guarding both the preachers and people against running into extremes, on the one hand; or the other, on Sunday 20. at night, I took the machine, and on Monday 21. came to *Bristol*.

Here likewise I had the satisfaction to observe a considerable increase of the work of God. The congregations were exceeding large, and the people hungry and thirsting after righteousness. And every day afforded us fresh instances, of persons convinced of sin, or converted to God. So that it seems God was pleased to pour out his spirit this year, on every part both of *England* and *Ireland*: perhaps in a manner we had never seen before: certainly, not for twenty years. O what pity, that so many even of the children of God, did not know the day of their visitation!

Sunday Oct. 4. I preached at *Kingwood*, morning and afternoon, but not as I designed, under the ycamore-tree, because of the rain. In the ensuing week I visited the societies in *Somersetshire*. Sunday 11. I observed God is reviving his work in *Kingwood*. The society which had much decreased, being now increased again, to near three hundred members: Many of whom are now athirst for full redemption, which for some years they had almost forgot.

Tuesday

Tuesday 13. I preached at *Newgate*: at *Kingwood* in the afternoon, and in the evening, at *North-Common*. Here a people are sprung up, as it were out of the earth: most of them employ'd in the neighbouring brass-works. We took a view of these the next day: and one thing I learned here, the propriety of that expression, *Rev. i. 15. His feet were as fine brass, burning in a furnace.* The brightness of this cannot easily be conceived. I have seen nothing like it, but clear, white lightning.

Monday 19. I desired all those to meet me, who believed they were saved from sin. There were seventeen or eighteen. I examined them severally, as exactly as I could. And I could not find any thing in their tempers, (supposing they spoke true) any way contrary to their profession.

Wednesday 21. I was desired by the condemned prisoners to give them one sermon more. And on Thursday, *Patrick Ward*, who was to die that day, sent to request, I would administer the sacrament to him. He was one and twenty years of age, and had scarce ever a serious thought, 'till he shot the man, who went to take away his gun. From that instant he felt a turn within, and never swore an oath more. His whole behaviour in prison was serious and composed. He read, prayed, and wept much: especially after one of his fellow-prisoners had found peace with God. His hope gradually increased 'till this day, and was much strengthened at the Lord's supper. But still he complained, "I am not afraid, but I am not desirous to die. I do not find that warmth in my heart: I am not sure, my sins are forgiven." He went into the cart about twelve in calmness, but mixt with sadness. But in a quarter of an hour, while he was wrestling with God in prayer, (not seeming to know, that any one was near him) "the Holy Ghost, said he, came upon me, and I knew that Christ was mine." From that moment his whole deportment breathed a peace and joy beyond all utterance; 'till after having spent about ten minutes in private prayer, he gave the sign.

Sunday

Sunday 25. I took a comfortable leave of *King's-wood*, leaving both the society and school in a flourishing state; and the next morning, of *Bristol*, leaving the society larger than it had been for many years. Now let zeal, as well as brotherly love continue, and it will not decrease any more. Having travelled slowly thro' the intermediate societies, on **Saturday 31.** I came to *London*.

Sunday November 1. I found the same spirit which I left here, both in the morning and evening service. **Monday 2.** at five, I began a course of sermons on *Christian Perfection*. At seven, I began meeting the classes. **Tuesday 10.** I found the society at *Deptford*, more alive than ever; a sure consequence of which is their increasing in number. **Thursday 12.** I rode to *Brentford*. Here likewise God is at work, and sinners are converted to him. **Saturday 14.** I spent an hour with a little company near *Grosvener-square*. For many years this has been the darkest, driest spot, of all in or near *London*. But God has now watered the barren wilderness, and it is become a fruitful field.

Monday 16. I retired to *Lewisham*, having many things to write. **Friday 20.** I spent an hour at *St. George's Hospital*. The behaviour of two or three patients there had done unspeakable good. Deep prejudice was torn up by the roots, and much good-will to the truth had succeeded it. O what may not a single believer do, who seeks nothing but the glory of God?

Monday 23. I went to *Canterbury*. The congregations were larger than I ever remember. And many found a deeper work of God in their hearts than ever they had known before. **Thursday 26.** I was desired to read part of *Bishop Pontopidan's* natural history of *Norway*. I soon found he was a man of sense, yet credulous to an extreme. And therefore I was the less surprized, when I came to his *craken* and *sea-serpent*. Of the former, (an animal a mile round, to which a poor whale is no more than a gudgeon) he gives no proof or shadow of proof, nothing but vague, uncertain hearsays. "Two sailors

he says, made oath of seeing part of the latter, seven or eight folds of his back. But I did not talk with them myself: so I can lay little stress on their evidence. They might be weak men; they might be frightened: Yea, they were, by their own confession. Or they might be men of no conscience: on any of which suppositions their testimony is nothing worth.

Saturday 28. We returned to London. Sunday 29. We had a comfortable love-feast, at which several declared the blessings they had found lately. We need not be careful, by what name to call them, while the thing is beyond dispute. Many have, and many do daily experience an unspeakable change. After being deeply convinced of inbred sin, particularly of pride, anger, self-will and unbelief, in a moment they feel all faith and love; no pride, no self-will, or anger. And from that moment they have continual fellowship with God, always rejoicing, praying, and giving thanks. Whoever ascribes such a change to the devil, I ascribe it to the spirit of God. And I say, let whoever feels it wrought, cry to God, that it may continue; which it will, if he walks closely with God: otherwise it will not.

Preaching at Deptford, Wellings, and Sedenoaks in my way, on Thursday, December 3. I came to Shortham. There I read the celebrated life of St. Katherine of Genoa. Mr. Lesley calls one, a devil of a saint: I am sure this was a fool of a saint. That is, if it was not the folly of her historian, who has aggrandized her into a mere ideot. Indeed we seldom find a saint of God's making, sainted by the Bishop of Rome. I preached at five, to a small, serious company, and the next day returned to London.

Monday 7. I rode to Colchester, and had the satisfaction to find many of our brethren much alive to God. After confirming them, as I could, in the ways of God, on Thursday I returned home. Sunday the 13th, was a comfortable day, wherein several prisoners were set at liberty. Saturday 19. I visited many near Oxford-market and Grosvenor-square, and found God was still enlarging his work. More and more

more were convinced, converted to God, and built up day by day: and that notwithstanding the weakness of the instruments by whom God was pleased to work.

Monday 21. I retired again to *Lewisham*, and wrote *Further Thoughts on Christian Perfection*. Had the cautions given herein been observed, how much scandal had been prevented? And why were they not? Because my own familiar friend was even now forming a party against me.

Friday 25. We began, as usual, at four. A few days since, one who lived in known sin, finding heavy conviction, broke away, and ran out she knew not whither. She met one, who offered her a shilling a week, to come and take care of her child. She went gladly. The woman's husband, hearing her stir between three and four, began cursing and swearing bitterly. His wife said, "I wish thou wouldst go with her, and see if any thing will do thee good." He did so. In the first hymn God broke his heart, and he was in tears all the rest of the service. How soon did God recompense this poor woman, for taking the stranger in?

Saturday 26. I made a particular enquiry into the case of *Mary Special*, a young woman then in *Tottenham Court-road*. She said, "Four years since, I found much pain in my breasts, and afterward, hard lumps. Four months ago my left breast broke, and kept running continually. Growing worse and worse, after some time, I was recommended to *St. George's Hospital*. I was let blood many times, and took hemlock thrice a day; but I was no better, the pain and the lumps were the same, and both my breasts were quite hard, and black as soot: when yesterday evening I went to *Mr. Owen's*, where there was a meeting for prayer. *Mr. Bell* saw me and asked, "Have you faith to be healed?" I said, "Yes." He prayed for me, and in a moment all my pain was gone. But the next day, I felt a little pain again, I clapped my hands on my breasts, and cried out, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me whole." It was gone:

And

And from that hour I have had no pain, no foreness, no lumps, or swelling, but both my breasts were perfectly well, and I have been so ever since.

Now here are plain facts, 1. She was ill. 2. She is well. 3. She became so in a moment. Which of these can, with any modesty, be denied?

Tuesday 29. In order to remove some misunderstandings, I desired all the parties concerned to meet me. They did so; all but T—— M——, who flatly refused to come. Is this only the first step toward a separation? Alas for the man! alas for the people!

Thursday 31. We concluded the year as usual, with a solemn watchnight. O may we conclude our lives in the same manner, blessing and praising God!

Friday, January 1, 1762. We had, I believe, pretty near two thousand of the society at *Spittlefields*, in the evening, where Mr. *Berridge*, *Maxfield*, and *Colley* assisted me. And we found God was in the midst, while we devoted ourselves in the most solemn and explicit manner.

Saturday 2. I set out for *Everton*, in order to supply Mr. *Berridge's* church in his absence. In my way I preached at *Rood Farm*, five and forty miles from *London*. Afterward the moon shining bright, we had a pleasant ride to *Everton*.

Sunday 3. I read prayers and preached morning and evening to a numerous and lively congregation. I found the people in general were more settled, than when I was here before. But they were in danger of running from East to West. Instead of thinking, as many then did, that none possibly have true faith, but those that have trances or visions, they were now ready to think, that whoever had any thing of this kind, had no faith.

Monday 4. After preaching to a large congregation at *Wrestlingworth*, we rode on to *Harston*. I never preached a whole sermon by moon-light before. However it was a solemn season: a season of holy mourning to some; to others of joy unspeakable.

Tuesday
* N. B. These were the words I wrote at the time.

Tuesday 5. I preached in *Harston* at nine, and about eleven at *Wiltford*, three miles farther, to a people just ripe for, *Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden.* In the afternoon, we set out for *Stoke*, on the edge of *Suffolk*. As we rode thro' *Haverhill*, we were saluted with one huzza, the mob of that town having no kindness for *methodists*. But all was quiet at *Stoke*: For Sir *H. A.* will suffer no disturbance there. The congregation came from many miles round: and God was in the midst of them. Thus hearty prayers went up on every side. And many felt the answer to them.

Wednesday 6. The largeness of the congregation at five, shew'd they were not forgetful hearers. I preached longer than I am accustomed to do: but still they were not satisfied. Many crowded after me into the dwelling house. After speaking a few words, I went to prayer. A cry began, and soon spread thro' the whole company, so that my voice was lost. Two seemed to be distressed above all the rest. We continued wrestling with God, 'till one of them had a good hope, and the other was filled with joy and peace in believing.

In the afternoon it blew a storm, by the favour of which we came into *Haverhill* quite unmolested. But notwithstanding wind and rain, the people crowded so fast into the preaching house, that I judged it best to begin half an hour before the time, by which means it contained the greater part of them. Altho' they that could not come in made a little noise, it was a solemn and an happy season.

Thursday 7. Abundance of them came again at five, and drank in every word. Here also many followed me into the house, and hardly knew how to part. At nine, I preached at *Steeple-Bumstead*, three miles from *Haverhill*, to a considerably larger congregation. And all were serious. Hence we rode for *Barkway*, four miles from *Royton*. The preaching-place was exceeding large; yet it was well filled, and the people were wedged in as close as possible. And

And many of them found, that God was there, to their unspeakable comfort.

Hence we rode to *Banley*, where I preached at one. A middle-aged woman dropt down at my side, and cried aloud for mercy. It was not long before God put a new song in her mouth. At six in the evening I preached at *Melbourn*. Here too God both wounded and healed. I laid hold after preaching on a poor backslider, who quickly melted into tears, and determined to return once more to Him, from whom she had deeply revolted.

Here I talked at large with one who thinks, he is renewed in love. Perhaps he is: but his understanding is so small, his experience so peculiar, and his expressions so uncouth, that I doubt very few will receive his testimony.

Saturday 9. I rode to *Potton*. What has God wrought here, since I saw this town, twenty years ago! I could not then find a living Christian therein; but wild-beasts in abundance. Now here are many who know in whom they have believed: and no one gives us an uncivil word! I preached at six to a very numerous and serious congregation. What have we to do to despair of any person or people?

Sunday 10. I preached at six in the morning to nearly the same congregation. I read prayers and preached, morning and afternoon, at *Everton*, and gave the sacrament to a large number of communicants. At four we took horse, and reached *Grindchester* a little before seven. Finding a little company met together, I spent half an hour with them exceedingly comfortably. And thro' the blessing of God I was no more tired when I went to bed, than when I arose in the morning.

Monday 11. The house was thoroughly filled at five, and that with serious and sensible hearers. I was sorry I had no more time at this place; especially as it was so near *Cambridge*, from whence many Gentlemen used to come, when any clergyman preached.

But my work was fixt: so I took horse soon after preaching, and rode to a village called *Botfan-lode*, seven miles from *Cambridge*. Here a large congregation was soon assembled: and I had no sooner named my text, *When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both*, than a murmur ran thro' the whole people, and many of them were in tears. This concern increased as I went on, so that none appeared to be unmoved. One just by me cried with a bitter cry. But in a short time she shouted for joy. So did several others; so that it was not easy to tell, whether more were wounded or comforted.

Hence we rode to *Lakenheath*, and passed a comfortable night. Tuesday 12. Just as we set out, the storm, which had been very high all night, brought on impetuous rain. It was a good providence, 1. That we had now firm, sandy road, not clay and miry fields as yesterday: 2. That the wind was behind us: otherwise I believe it would have been impossible to go on. It was often ready to bear away man and beast. However in the afternoon we came safe to *Norwich*.

Wednesday 10. We rested from our labour. How can they who never labour, taste the sweetness of rest? Friday 15. I preached at *Yarmouth*. Saturday 16. I transcribed the society at *Norwich*. But two hundred of them I made no account of; as they met no class. About four hundred remained: half of whom appeared to be in earnest.

Tuesday 19. I rode to *Bury*, and was glad to find a little, serious company still. But there cannot be much done here, 'till we preach abroad, or at least in the heart of the town. We are now quite at one end; and people will not come from the other 'till they have first *tasted the good word*.

Thursday 21. I rode to *Colchester*, and found a quiet, loving, regular society. After spending a day with them, on Saturday 22. I cheerfully returned to *London*.

Wednesday

Wednesday 27. I had a striking proof, that God can teach by whom he will teach. A man full of words, but not of understanding convinced me of what I could never see before, that *anima est ex trahere*: that all the souls of his posterity, as well as their bodies, were in our first parent.

Friday, Feb. 5. I met at noon, as usual, those who believe they are saved from sin, and warned them of the *Enthusiasm* which was breaking in, by means of two or three weak though good men, who from a misconstrued text in *the revelation*, inferred, that they should not die. They received the warning in much love. However this gave great occasion of triumph, to those who sought occasion, so that they rejoiced, as though they had found great spoil.

After preaching at *Deptford*, *Welling*, and *Sevenoaks*, on Tuesday and Wednesday, I rode on to Sir *Tho. Anson's* near *Tunbridge*, and between six and seven preached in his large parlour, which opens likewise into the hall. The plain people were all attention: if the seed be watered, surely there will be some fruit.

Sunday 14. I buried the remains of *Thomas Salmon*, a good and useful man. What was peculiar in his experience was, he did not know when he was justified: but he did know, when he was renewed in love, that work being wrought in a most distinct manner. After this he continued about a year, in constant love, joy and peace. Then after an illness of a few days, he cheerfully went to God.

Monday 15. and the following days I spent in transcribing the list of the society. It never came up before to 2400: Now it contains above 2700 members.

Sunday 28. We had a peculiar blessing at *Spittlefields*, while I was enforcing, *Now is the day of salvation*. Indeed there is always a blessing, when we cut off all delay, and come to God now by simple faith.

Friday, March 5. I had a long conversation with *Joseph Rule*, commonly called *the white quaker*. He

appeared to be a calm, loving, sensible man, and much devoted to God.

Monday 8. I retired to *Lewisham*, to answer Dr. *Horne's* ingenious sermon on justification by works. O that I might dispute with no man! But if I *must* dispute, let it be with men of sense!

Thursday 11. I buried the remains of *Mary Ramsey*, a true daughter of affliction, worn out by a cancer in her breast, with a variety of other disorders. To these was added for a time great darkness of mind, the body pressing down the soul. Yet she did not murmur or repine; much less charge God foolishly. It was not long before he restored the light of his countenance: and shortly after, she fell asleep.

Friday the 12th, the national fast, was observed all over *London* with great solemnity. Surely God is well pleased even with this acknowledgement, that he governs the world. And even the outward humiliation of a nation, may be rewarded with outward blessings.

Monday 15. I left *London*, tho' not without regret, and went slowly, thro' the societies to *Bristol*. Saturday 27. I heard a large account of the children near *Lawford's-Gate*, which has made so much noise here. The facts are too glaring to be denied. But how are they to be accounted for? By natural, or supernatural agency? Contend who list about this.

Monday, *March* 29. I came to the *New-Passage* a little before nine. The rain and wind increased much while we were on the water: however we were safe on shore at ten. I preached about twelve, in the *New-Room* at *Chepstow*. One of the congregation was a neighbouring clergyman, who lived in the same stair-case with me at *Christ-church*, and was then far more serious than me. Blessed be God, who has looked upon me at last! Now let me redeem the time!

In the afternoon we had such a storm of hail, as I scarce ever saw in my life. The roads likewise were so extremely bad, that we did not reach *Hereford* till past eight. Having been well battered both by hail, rain and

and wind, I got to bed as soon as I could, but was waked many times by the clattering of the curtains: In the morning, I found the casement wide open. But I was never the worse. I took horse at six, with *William Crane*, and *Francis Walker*. The wind was piercing cold, and we had many showers of snow and rain: but the worst was, part of the road was scarce passable. So that at *Church-Stretton*, one of our horses lay down, and would go no farther. However *William Crane* and I pushed on, and before seven reached *Shrewsbury*.

A large company quickly gathered together, many of them were wild enough. But the far greater part were calm and attentive, and came again at five in the morning.

Wednesday 30. Having been invited to preach at *Wem*, Mrs. *Glynn*e desired she might take me thither in a post-chaise. But in little more than an hour, we were fast enough. However the horses pulled, till the traces broke. I should then have walked on, had I been alone, tho' the mud was deep, and the snow drove impetuously. But I could not leave my friend. So I waited patiently, till the man had made shift to mend the traces. And the horses pulled amain: so that with much ado, not long after the time appointed, I came to *Wem*.

I came: but the person who invited me was gone: gone out of town at four in the morning. And I could find no one, who seemed either to expect or desire my company. I enquired after the place where Mr. *Mather* preached: But it was filled with hemp. It remained only to go into the market-house: but neither any woman, nor child cared to follow us; the north-wind roared so loud on every side, and poured in from every quarter: however before I had done singing, two or three crept in, and after them, two or three hundred. And the power of God was so present among them, that I believe, many forgot the storm.

The wind grew still higher in the afternoon, so that it was difficult to sit our horses. And it blew

fall in our face, but could not prevent our reaching *Chester* in the evening. Tho' the watning was short, the room was full: and full of serious earnest hearers; many of whom expressed a longing desire for the whole salvation of God.

Here I rested on Thursday. Friday *April 1*, I rode to *Park-gate*, and found several ships: but the wind was contrary. I preached at five in the small house they have just built: and the hearers were remarkably serious. I gave notice of preaching at five in the morning. But at half hour after four, one brought us word, that the wind was come fair, and Captain *Jordan* would sail in less than an hour. We were soon in the ship, wherein we found about threescore passengers. The sun shone bright, the wind was moderate, the sea smooth, and we wanted nothing but room to stir ourselves: the cabin being filled with hops, so that we could not get into it, but by climbing over them, on our hands and knees. In the afternoon we were abreast of *Holyhead*. But the scene was quickly changed: the wind rose higher and higher, and by seven o'clock blew a storm. The sea broke over us continually, and sometimes covered the ship, which both pitched and rolled in an uncommon manner. So I was informed: for being a little sick, I lay down at six, and slept with little intermission, till near six in the morning. We were then near *Dublin-Bay*, where we went into a boat, which carried us to *Dunlary*. There we met with a chaise just ready, in which we went to *Dublin*.

I found much liberty of spirit in the evening while I was inforcing, *Now is the day of salvation*. The congregation was uncommonly large in the morning; and seemed to be much alive. Many children, I find, are brought to the birth. And shall there not be strength to bring forth?

It was at this time that Mr. *Grimshaw* fell asleep. He was born Sept. 3, 1708, at *Brindle*, six miles south of *Preston* in *Lancashire*, and educated at the schools of *Blackburn* and *Heskin*, in the same county.

Even then the thoughts of death and judgment made

made some impression upon him. At eighteen he was admitted at *Christ's College* in *Cambridge*. Here bad example so carried him away, that for more than two years he seemed utterly to have lost all sense of seriousness: which did not revive, 'till the day he was ordained deacon, in the year 1731. On that day he was much affected with the sense of the importance of the ministerial office. And this was increased by his conversing with some at *Rochdale*, who met once a week to read and sing and pray. But on his removal to *Todmorden* soon after, he quite dropped his pious acquaintance, conformed to the world, followed all its diversions, and contented himself with "doing his duty" on Sundays.

But about the year 1734, he began to think seriously again. He left off all his diversions: he began to catechise the young people, to preach the absolute necessity of a devout life; and to visit his people, not in order to be merry with them as before, but to press them to seek the salvation of their souls.

At this period also, he began himself to pray in secret four times a day. And the God of all grace, who prepared his heart to pray, soon gave the answer to his prayer: not indeed as he expected; not in joy or peace, but by bringing upon him, very strong and painful convictions of his own guilt, and helplessness, and misery; by discovering to him what he did not suspect before, that his heart was deceitful and desperately wicked, and what was more afflicting still, that all his duties and labours could not procure him pardon, or gain him a title to eternal life. In this trouble he continued more than three years, not acquainting any one with the distress he suffered; 'till one day, (in 1742) being in the utmost agony of mind, there was clearly represented to him, Jesus Christ pleading for him with God the Father, and gaining a free pardon for him. In that moment all his fears vanished away, and he was filled with joy unspeakable. "I was now, says he, willing to renounce myself, and to embrace Christ for my all in all. O what light and comfort

comfort did I enjoy in my own soul, and what a taste of the pardoning love of God!"

All this time he was an entire stranger to the people called *Methodists*, whom afterwards he thought it his duty to countenance, and to labour with them in his neighbourhood. He was an entire stranger also to all their writings; 'till he came to *Haworth*, May 26, of this year. And the good effects of his preaching soon became visible. Many of his flock were brought into deep concern for salvation, and were in a little time after filled with peace and joy thro' believing. And as in antient times, the whole congregation have been often seen in tears, on account of their provocations against God, and under a sense of their goodness in yet sparing them.

His lively manner of representing the truths of God could not fail of being much talked of, and bringing many hundreds out of curiosity to *Haworth* church: who received so much benefit by what they heard, that when the novelty was long over, the church continued to be full of people, many of whom came from far, and this for twenty years together.

Mr. *Grimshaw* was now too happy himself in the knowledge of Christ, to rest satisfied, without taking every method, he thought likely to spread the knowledge of his God and Saviour. And as the very indigent, constantly make their want of better cloaths to appear in, an excuse for not coming to church in the day time, he contrived, for them chiefly, a lecture on Sunday evenings, tho' he had preached twice in the day before. God was pleased to give great success to these attempts, which animated him still more to spend and be spent for Christ. So the next year he began a method, which was continued by him for ever after; of preaching in each of the four hamlets he had under his care three times every month. By this means the old and infirm, who could not attend the church, had the truth of God brought to their houses; and many, who were so profane as to make the distance from

from the house of God a reason for scarce ever coming to it, were allured to hear. By this time, the great labour with which he instructed his own people; the holiness of his conversation, and the benefit, which very many from the neighbouring parishes had obtained by attending his ministry; concurred to bring upon him many earnest intreaties to come to their houses, who lived in neighbouring parishes, and expound the word of God to souls as ignorant as they had been themselves. This request he did not dare to refuse: so that while he provided abundantly for his own flock, he annually found opportunity of preaching near three hundred times, to congregations in other parts.

And for a course of fifteen years, or upwards, used to preach every week, fifteen, twenty, and sometimes thirty times, besides visiting the sick, and other occasional duties of his function. It is not easy to ascribe such unwearied diligence, chiefly among the poor, to any motive but the real one. He thought he would never keep silence, while he could speak to the honour of that God, who had done so much for his soul. And while he saw sinners perishing for lack of knowledge, and no one breaking to them the bread of life, he was constrained, notwithstanding the reluctance he felt within, to give up his name to still greater reproach, as well as all his time and strength, to the work of the ministry.

During this intense application to what was the delight of his heart, God was exceeding favourable to him. In sixteen years he was only once suspended from his labour by sickness, tho' he dared all weathers, upon the bleak mountains, and used his body with less compassion, than a merciful man would use his beast. His soul at various times enjoyed large manifestations of God's love; and he drank deep into his spirit. His cup ran over, and at some seasons, his faith was so strong and his hope so abundant, that higher degrees of spiritual delight would have overpowered his mortal frame.

In

In this manner Mr. *Grimshaw* employed all his powers and talents even to his last illness. And his labours were not in vain in the Lord. He saw an effectual change take place in many of his flock; and a restraint from the commission of sin brought upon the parish in general. He saw the name of Jesus exalted, and many souls happy in the knowledge of him, and walking as became the gospel. Happy he was himself, in being kept by the power of God, unblameable in his conversation. Happy in being beloved in several of the last years of his life, by every one in his parish; who, whether they would be persuaded by him to forsake the evil of their ways, or no, had no doubt that Mr. *Grimshaw* was their cordial friend. Hence, at his departure, a general concern was visible thro' his parish. Hence his body was interred with what is more ennobling than all the pomp of a royal funeral: for he was followed to the grave by a great multitude, with affectionate sighs, and many tears; who cannot still hear his much-lov'd name, without weeping for the guide of their souls, to whom each of them was dear as children to their father.

His behaviour, throughout his last sickness, was of a piece with the last twenty years of his life; from the very first attack of his fever, he welcomed its approach. His intimate knowledge of Christ, abolished all the reluctance nature feels to a dissolution, and triumphing in him, who is the resurrection and the life, he departed April 7th, in the 55th year of his age, and the 21st of eminent usefulness.

It may not be unacceptable to subjoin here one of his plain, rough letters, to the society in *London*.

My dear brethren,

Haworth, Jan. 9. 1760.

“Grace, mercy and peace be to you from God our Father and from our Lord Jesus.—It is well with four sorts of people, that you have had, or now have, to do with.—It is well with those of you *in Christ, who are gone to God.*—It is well with those of you *in Christ, who are not gone to God.*—It is well with those,

who

who earnestly long to be in Christ, that they may go to God.—It is well for those, who neither desire to be in Christ, nor go to God.—And 'tis only bad with such, who, being out of Christ, are gone to the devil.—These 'tis best to let alone, and say no more about them.

“ But to be sure, it is well with the other four.—It is well with those of you, who being in Christ, are gone to God.—You ministers and members of Christ have no more doubt, or pain about them.—They are now, and for ever, out of the reach of the world, flesh and devil.—They are gone, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.—They are sweetly reposed in Abraham's bosom.—They dwell in his presence, who hath redeem'd them, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.—They are waiting the joyful morning of the resurrection, when their vile bodies shall be made like unto his glorious body, shall be re-united to their souls, shall receive the joyful sentence, and inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

“ It is well also with those of you, who are in Christ, tho' not gone to God.—You live next door to them.—Heaven is begun with you too.—The kingdom of God is within you.—You feel it.—This is a kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.—It is begun in grace and shall terminate in glory.—Yea; it is Christ within you the hope of glory.—Christ the rock, the foundation, laid in your hearts.—Hope in the middle, and glory at the top. Christ, hope, glory; Christ, hope, glory.—You are washed in the blood of the Lamb, justified, sanctified; and shall shortly be glorified.—Yea, your lives are already hid with Christ in God.—You have your conversation already in heaven.—Already you sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.—What heavenly sentences are these?—What can come nearer paradise?—Bless the Lord, O ye happy souls, and let all that is within you bless his holy name.—Sing unto the Lord, so long as you live, and praise your God, while you have

have your being.—And how long will that be? ~~Through the endless ages of a glorious eternity.~~

“O my dear brothers and sisters, this is my hope, and this is my purpose.—But to whom and to what are we indebted for all this, and infinitely more than all the tongues and hearts of men or angels can tell or conceive?—To our Redeemer only, and to his merits.—Christ within us is Jesus to us.—We were poor, lost, helpless sinners, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and children of wrath.—But Jesus lived, and Jesus died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to the enjoyment of it.

“And what does all this require at our hands? Why infinitely more than we can render him to all eternity.—However let us praise and glorify God in the best manner, and with the best member that we have.—Let us do it constantly, cordially, cheerfully, so long as we live; and then no doubt we shall do it in heaven for ever.

“Keep close, I beseech you, to every means of grace. Strive to walk in all the ordinances and commandments of God blameless, giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure: add to your faith virtue; to virtue knowledge; to knowledge temperance; to temperance patience; to patience godliness; to godliness brotherly kindness; to brotherly kindness charity.—For if these things, says St. Peter, be in you, and abound, they make you that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Thus you will give the best token of your thankfulness to him, for what he hath done for your souls; and you shall not long hence in heaven, sing his praise with your happy brethren, gone thither before you.

“It is well likewise with all those of you, who do truly desire to be in Christ, that you may go to God.—Surely he owns you.—Your desires are from him: you shall enjoy his favour. By and by you shall have peace with him through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Go forth by the footsteps of the flock: and feed ye by the shepherd’s tents.—Be constant in every means of

grace

grace. He will be found of them, that diligently seek him.—Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.—Tho' your sins be never so many, never so monstrous, all shall be forgiven.—He will have mercy upon you and will abundantly pardon. For where sin hath abounded, grace doth much more abound.—He who hath begun this good work in you will accomplish it to your eternal good, and his eternal glory.—Therefore doubt not, fear not. A broken and a contrite heart God will not despise. The deeper is your sorrow; the nearer is your joy. Your extremity is God's opportunity.—'Tis usually darkest before day-break.—You shall shortly find pardon, peace, and plenteous redemption, and at last rejoice in the common and glorious salvation of his saints.

“ And lastly; it is well for you, who *neither truly desire to be in Christ, nor to go to God*.—For 'tis well for you that you are out of hell.—'Tis well, your day of grace is not utterly past.—Behold, now is your accepted time: Behold, now is the day of your salvation! O that you employ the remainder of it in working out your salvation with fear and trembling. Now is faith to be had, saving faith.—Now you may be wash'd from all your sins in the Redeemer's blood, justified, sanctified, and prepared for heaven.—Take I beseech you, the time while the time is.—You have now the means of grace to use;—The ordinances of God to enjoy;—His word to read and hear;—His ministers to instruct you and his members to converse with.—You know not what a day may bring forth.—You may die suddenly.—As death leaves you; judgment will find you.—And if you die, as you are, *out of Christ*, void of true faith, unregenerate, un sanctified, snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest God will rain upon you, *Pf. xii. 7*. as your eternal, intolerable portion to drink.

“ Suffer me therefore thus far, one and all of you. God's glory and your everlasting welfare is all I aim at.—What I look for in return from you, is, I con-

feels much more than I deserve, your prayers. Pray
for me and I will pray for you, who am,
Your affectionate brother,

W. GRIMSHAW.

Friday 9. (Being Good-Friday) I had almost lost
my voice by a cold. However I spoke as I could,
till before twelve, (it being a watch-night) I could
speak near as well as ever.

On Easter-day we had uncommon congregations,
as indeed we have had all the week. And I ob-
served a more stayed and solid behaviour in most,
than is usual in this kingdom. Monday and Tuesday I
was employed in visiting the classes: and I was much
comforted among them: there was such an hunger
and thirst in all who had tasted of the grace of God,
after a full renewal in his image.

Sunday 18. As often as I have been here, I never
saw the house thoroughly filled before. And the
multitude did not come together in vain. I think,
many will remember this day.

Monday 19. I left *Dublin*. And I could look back
with satisfaction on the days I had spent therein. I
had reason to believe, that God had been at work
in a very uncommon manner. Many of those who
once contradicted and blasphemed, were now con-
vinced of the truth as it is in Jesus. Many who had
long revolted from God, had returned to him with
full purpose of heart. Several mourners had found
peace with God, and some believe, He has saved
them from all sin. Many more are all on fire for
this salvation: and a spirit of love runs thro' the
whole people.

I came in the evening to *Newry*, where I found a
far different face of things. Offences had broke the
society in pieces, only two and thirty being left of
near an hundred. But God has a few names left
here also. Let these stand firm, and God will
maintain his own cause.

Wednesday 21. I rode to *Curridisbegus*. The
violent rain kept away the delicate and curious heat-

ers. For the sake of these I delayed the morning preaching, 'till a quarter before nine. But it was too early still for a great part of the town, who could not possibly rise before ten. I added a few members to the society, and left them in peace and love.

Where to preach in *Belfast*, I did not know. It was too wet to preach abroad. And a dancing-master was busily employed in the upper part of the market-house: 'till at twelve, the sovereign drove him out, by holding his court there. While he was above, I began below, to a very serious and attentive audience. But they were all poor: the rich of *Belfast* cared for none of these things.

After dinner we rode to *New-town*, and found another poor, shattered society, reduced from fifty to eighteen members, and most of those cold enough. In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-house, on, *I will heal their backsliding*. God fulfilled his word. Many were healed, and many more deeply wounded. I had full employment among them the next day. And on Saturday 24. I left between thirty and forty members, full of desire and hope, and earnest resolutions, not to be *almost*, but *altogether Christians*.

About ten I preached at *Comber*, and then rode to *Lisburn*, where in the evening I had many rich and genteel hearers. Sunday 25. The congregation was larger in the morning, than the evening before. And many appeared to be deeply wounded: O may none heal their wound slightly. But far the largest congregation of all met in the evening: and yet I saw not a scoffer, no nor trifler among them.

Monday 26. In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-house at *Lurgan*. I now embraced the opportunity which I had long desired, of talking with Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue, which was in *Lurgan* when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man, standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock which stood on the other side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the

door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round on the company, and then said with a clear, loud, articulate voice, "Past one, two, three," and so on. But so many came to see this (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in *Europe*) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruin'd, not having time to attend his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it, or to reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine in pieces: nor has he any thought of ever making any thing of the kind again.

Tuesday 27. I preached in *Lurgan* at five, in *Terryhagan* at ten, and at two in the market-house at *Richhill*. I have rarely seen so serious a congregation at a new place. At six I preached in the new preaching house at *Claremain*, the largest in the north of *Ireland*. And the people were all alive, being stirred up by Mr. Ryan, once an attorney, but now living upon his own estate.

Wednesday 28. The rain kept off the curious hearers, so that we had few in the evening, but earnest souls: after sermon we had a love-feast. It was a wonderful time. God poured out his spirit abundantly. Many were filled with consolation, particularly two, who had come from *Lisburn*, (three and twenty *Irish* miles) one a lifeless backslider, the other a girl of sixteen, who had been some time slightly convinced of sin. God restored him to the light of his countenance, and gave her a clear evidence of his love: and indeed in so uncommon a manner, that it seemed, her soul was all love. One of our brethren was constrained openly to declare, he believed God had wrought *this change* in him. I trust he will not lightly cast away the gift which God has given him. In the morning I left them rejoicing and praising God, and rode to *Monaghan*.

The commotions in *Munster* having now alarmed all *Ireland*, we had hardly alighted, when some wise persons informed the provost, there were three strange sort of men come to the *Kings-arms*. So the provost with his officers came without delay, to secure the north

north from so imminent a danger. I was just come out, when I was required to return into the house. The provost asked me many questions, and perhaps the affair might have turned serious; had I not had two letters with me, which I had lately received, one from the Bishop of *Londonderry*, the other from the Earl of *Moyra*. Upon reading these, he excused himself for the trouble he had given, and wish'd me a good journey.

Between six and seven I preached at *Coot-hill*, and in the morning rode on to *Injkillin*: the situation of which is both pleasant and strong, as it is surrounded by a deep and broad river. But fortifications it has none; no, nor so much as an old castle. The inhabitants glory that they have no papist in the town.

After riding round and round, we came in the evening to a lone house, called *Carrick-a-beggan*. It laid in the midst of horrid mountains; and had no very promising appearance. However it afforded corn for our horses, and potatoes for ourselves. So we made an hearty supper, called in as many as pleased of the family to prayers, and tho' we had no fastening either for our door, or our windows, slept in peace.

Saturday May 1. We took horse at five. The north east-wind would have suited the first of *January*. And we had soaking rain on the black mountains. However before noon we came well to *Sligoe*.

None in *Sligoe*, when I was there last, profess'd so much love to me as Mr. ———'s family. They would willingly have had me with them morning, noon and night, and omitted no possible mark of affection. But what a change? Mrs. ——— went into the country, the day before I came. Her brother and his wife set out for *Dublin*, at the same time. He himself, and the rest of his family saw me, that is, at church, because they could not help it;

“But wonder'd at the strange man's face,
As one they ne'er had known,”
I am sorry for *their* sake, not my own. Perhaps they may wish to see me, when it is too late.

Sunday 2. I preached in the market-house, morning and evening. Abundance of the dragoons were there: so were many of the officers, who behaved with uncommon seriousness.

Monday 3. In the evening a company of players began acting, in the upper part of the market-house, just as we began singing in the lower. The case of these is remarkable. The presbyterians for a long time had their public worship here. But when the strollers came to town, they were turned out: and from that time had no public worship at all. On Tuesday evening the lower part too was occupied by buyers and sellers of oatmeal. But as soon as I began, the people quitted their sacks, and listened to business of greater importance.

On the following days, I preached at Carrick on Shannon, Drummerhane, Cleg-hill, Longford, and Abidarrig. Saturday 8. Calling on a friend in our way, we had not sat down, before several of the neighbours, papists as well as protestants came in, supposing I was to preach. I was not willing to disappoint them. And they all listened with deep attention.

Hence I rode to *Athlone*. I intended on Sunday 9. to preach abroad as usual. But the sharp wind made it impracticable; and obliged me to keep in the house. The congregations however were large, both morning and evening: and I found a little fruit of my labour.

Thursday 13. I was in hopes even the papists here had at length a shepherd who cared for their souls. He was stricter than any of his predecessors, and was esteemed a man of piety as well as learning. Accordingly he had given them strict orders, not to work on the Lord's day. But I found he allowed them to play, as much as they pleased, at cards in particular: nay, and averred, "It was their duty so to do," to "refresh both their bodies and minds." Alas, for the blind leader of the blind! Has not *he* the greater sin!

Sunday 16. I had observed to the society last week that I had not seen one congregation ever in *Ireland* behave so ill at church as that at *Athlone*, laughing
talking

talking, and staring about during the whole service. I had added, "This is your fault: for if you had attended the church as you ought to have done, your presence and example would not have failed to influence the whole congregation." And so it appeared, I saw not one to-day either laughing, talking, or staring about: but a remarkable seriousness was spread, from the one end of the church to the other.

Monday 17. I preached at *Ahascra*, to all the protestants in or near the town. But their priests would not suffer the Papists to come. What could a magistrate do in this case? Doubtless he might tell the priest, "Sir, as you enjoy liberty of conscience, you shall allow it to others. You are not persecuted yourself, You shall not persecute them."

Tuesday 18. I preached at *Ballinasslo* about ten in the morning, and in the evening at *Aghrim*. Thursday 20. I rode on to *Hollymount*. The sun was extremely hot, so that I was much exhausted. But after a little rest, I preached in the church-yard, without any weariness.

Friday 21. I preached at *Balcarrow* church at ten, to a deeply serious congregation, and in the courthouse at *Castlebarr* in the evening. Sunday 23. The chief family in the town made a part of our congregation. And whether they received any benefit thereby or no, their example may bring others, who will receive it.

Monday 24. I went with two friends, to see one of the greatest natural wonders in Ireland, *Mount Eagle*, vulgarly called *Crow-Patrick*. The foot of it is fourteen miles from *Castlebarr*. There we left our horses, and procured a guide. It was just twelve when we alighted; the sun was burning hot, and we had not a breath of wind. Part of the ascent was a good deal steeper than an ordinary pair of stairs. About two we gain'd the top, which is an oval, grassy plain, about an hundred, and fifty yards in length, and 70 or eighty in breadth. The upper part of the mountain much resembles the Pike of *Tenariff*. I think, it cannot rise much less than a mile perpendicular.

dicular from the plain below. There is an immense prospect, on one side toward the sea, and on the other over the land. But as most of it is waste and uncultivated, the prospect is not very pleasing.

At seven in the evening I preached at *Newport*, and at six in the morning. I then returned to *Newport*, and began reading prayers at ten. After sermon I had a little conversation with Lord *Mount-Eagle*, an extremely sensible man, and would gladly have stay'd with him longer, but that I had promised to be at *Castlebar*. Where in the evening I preached my farewell sermon, to a numerous congregation.

Wednesday 26. We took horse at four, to enjoy the cool of the morning. At seven the sun was warm enough. I verily think as warm as in *Georgia*. We could not have borne it, but the wind was in our face. However in the afternoon we got well to *Galway*. There was a small society here, and (what is not common) all of them were young women. Between seven and eight I began preaching in the court-house, to a mixt multitude of papists and protestants, rich and poor, who appeared to be utterly astonished. At five in the morning I preached again, and spoke as plain as I possibly could. But to the far greater part it seem'd to be only *as the sound of many waters*.

Thursday 27. We had another *Georgian* day. But having the wind again, full in our face, after riding about fifty *English* miles, we got well to *Ennis* in the afternoon. Many being ready to make a disturbance at the court-house, I left them to themselves, and preached over against Mr. *Bindon's* house, in great quietness.

Friday 28. I was informed, that a few days before, two of Mr. *B—'s* maids, went to bathe (as the women here frequently do) in the river near his house. The water was not above a yard deep; but there was a deep hole at a little distance. As one of them dashed water at the other, she endeavouring to avoid it, slipped into the hole, and the first striving to help her, slipped in too: nor was either of them seen any more, till their bodies floated upon the water.

Yet

Yet after some hours, one of them was brought to life. But the other could not be recovered.

The violent heat, which had continued for eight days, was now at an end, the wind turning north. So on Saturday 29. we had a pleasant ride to *Limerick*. Sunday 30. I preached in the old camp. The pleasantness of the place, the calmness of the evening, and the convenient distance from the town, all conspired to draw the people together, who flocked from every quarter. Many officers, as well as abundance of soldiers were among them, and behaved with the utmost decency. I preached the following evenings at the same place, and that in great measure for the sake of the soldiers, it being within a musket-shot of the place where they were exercising. Nay, two evenings an officer ordered a large body to exercise on the very spot. But the moment I began, they laid down their arms, and joined the rest of the congregation.

Friday, *June 5*. I preached at noon in *Balligarane*, to a large congregation, chiefly of *Palatines*. And so at *New-market* in the evening, and the morning following. These have quite a different look from the natives of the country, as well as a different temper. They are a serious, thinking people. And their diligence turns all their land into a garden.

Monday 7. I met a large number of children, just as much acquainted with God, and with the things of God as *a wild asses colt*, and just as much concern'd about them. And yet who can believe, that these pretty little creatures, have *the wrath of God abiding on them?*

Numberless crowds ran together about this time, to see the execution of the poor deserter. And I believe some of them retained serious impressions, for near four and twenty hours! But it was not so with the soldiers! altho' they walked one by one, close to the bleeding, mangled carcase, most of them were as merry within six hours, as if they had only seen a puppet-shew.

Tuesday 8. I visited the classes, and wondered to find no witness of the great salvation. Surely the
flame

flame, which is kindled in *Dublin*, will not stop there: the next evening God did indeed kindle it here: a cry went up on every side: and the lively believers seemed all on fire, to be *cleansed from all unrighteousness*.

On Friday and Saturday, I had much conversation with a very noted person. But I found none in town who expected, that any good could be done, to such a sinner as him! *Such a sinner?* Why, were we not all *such*? We were *dead in sin*. And is he more than dead?

Sunday 13. Being informed, I had shot over the heads of the soldiers, who did not "understand any thing but hell and damnation." I took my leave of them this evening, by strongly applying the story of *Dives and Lazarus*. They seemed to understand this: and all, but two or three boy-officers, behaved as men fearing God.

Monday 14. I rode to *Cork*. Here I procured an exact account of the late commotions. About the beginning of *December* last, a few men met by night near *Renagh*, in the county of *Limerick*, and threw down the fences of some commons, which had been lately inclosed. Near the same time others met, in the county of *Tipperary*, of *Waterford*, and of *Cork*. As no one offered to suppress or hinder them, they increased in number continually, and called themselves *white-boys*, wearing white cockades, and white linen frocks. In *February*, there were five or six parties of them, two or three hundred men in each, who moved up and down, chiefly in the night: but for what end, did not appear. Only they levelled a few fences, dug up some grounds, and hamstringed some cattle, perhaps fifty or sixty in all. One body of them came into *Clohean*, of about five hundred foot, and two hundred horse. They moved as exactly as regular troops, and appeared to be thoroughly disciplin'd. They now sent letters to several gentlemen, threatening to pull down their houses. They compelled every one they met to take an oath, "to be true to *Queen Sive* (whatever that meant) and the *white-boys*; not to reveal their secrets, and to join them

them when called upon. It was supposed, eight or ten thousand were now actually risen, many of them well-armed: and that a far greater number were ready to rise, whenever they should be called upon. Those who refused to swear, they threatened to bury alive. Two or three they did bury up to the neck and left them: where they must quickly have perished, had they not been found in time by some travelling by. At length, toward *Easter*, a body of troops, chiefly light horse, were sent against them. Many were apprehended and committed to goal: the rest of them disappeared. This is the plain, naked fact, which has been so variously represented.

Thursday 17. I rode about thirty *English* miles, thro' a pleasant and well-cultivated country to *Young-hall*. It is finely situated on the side of an hill, so as to command a wide sea-prospect. I preached in the evening at the *Exchange*. Abundance of people attended: as did the far greater part of them, at five o'clock in the morning. I returned to *Cork* on Friday. Sunday 20. at the desire of Captain *Taylor*, I went to *Passage*, and preached to many of the town's people, and as many of the sailors as could attend. On Monday and Tuesday I visited the classes, and observed what was very uncommon; in two years there was neither any increase, nor any decrease in this society. Two hundred and thirty three members I left, and two hundred and thirty three I find.

Thursday 24. I rode to *Kinsale* and preached in the *Exchange*, to a considerable number of attentive hearers. In the afternoon I rode to *Bandon*, and found the society much lessened, and dead enough. Yet the congregation in the main-street was remarkably large, as well as deeply attentive. So it was on Friday. Saturday 26. I visited the classes, and exhorted them to be zealous and repent. The word sunk into their hearts: so that when we met in the evening, they did not seem to be the same persons. They appeared to breath quite another spirit, every one stirring up his neighbour. I know not when I have

have seen so deep and general an impression made in so short a time.

Sunday 27. I returned to *Cork*, and in the afternoon preached on the *Barrack-hill*. The congregation was such, as I had not seen at *Cork*, for at least twelve years. One soldier made some noise: but the commanding officer soon ordered him into custody. The top of the walls, being covered with soldiers, made a solemn appearance. Let this preaching be continued, and the work of God will quickly revive at *Cork*.

On Monday and Tuesday the congregation at the house was far larger than on any week-day before. And there was much life among the people, who perhaps were increased by the epidemic disorder. This generally attacked first the head; afterward the throat and the breast. Mr. *Jones*, who had been drooping for some time, was seized with this three weeks since. While I was at *Youghal*, he sent for a physician, who applied a blister to his head. In two or three days a second physician was called in: who told his relations, he was better and better. Returning from *Bandon*, and observing what was prescribed, I could not help saying, "When a fever neither intermits, nor remits, the bark is no better than poison." At hearing this, the doctors were much displeased, and declared again, "He was a great deal better." On Wednesday morning a little before two, his spirit returned to God.

So died honest *Thomas Jones*, *secundum artem*! A man whom raised from nothing, by a blessing on his unwearied diligence, to a plentiful fortune. Yet when riches increased on every side, he did not set his heart upon them. Some years since he retired from business, but was still fully employed in building and in doing good. His natural temper was rough, and so was his speech, which occasioned him many trials. But notwithstanding this, he was generous and compassionate, and never weary of well-doing. From the beginning of his illness, he was continually in prayer: for some time with much fear and distress.

But

But I saw no signs of this, after I came from *Bandon*. I believe his fears were then all scattered, and he waited with calm, tho' earnest, desire for the salvation of God.

Wednesday 30. I rode to *Limerick*. I had promised to come again, if our brethren found a convenient place to build a preaching-house. One now offered, proper in all respects. Saturday, July 3. I met the society, and enquired, what each was willing to subscribe? A considerable sum was subscribed immediately.

Sunday 4. was a day of solemn joy, equal to any I had seen in *Dublin*. At the love-feast in the evening it appeared, that God had now visited *Limerick* also. Five persons desired to return thanks to God, for a clear sense of his pardoning love: several others, for an increase of faith, and for deliverance from doubts and fears. And two gave a plain, simple account, of the manner wherein God had cleansed their hearts, so that they now felt no anger, pride or self-will, but continual love, and prayer and praise.

Monday 5. I rode to *Clonmell*, and preached in the evening, near the *Barrack-gate*, to a wild, staring multitude, many of whom would have been rude enough; but they stood in awe of the soldiers.

Tuesday 6. I rode to *Carrick on Sure*. Having been informed, there was one family here also, wherein both the man and his wife feared God, I immediately sent to the house. The woman presently came; from whom I learned, that her husband died the Saturday before, and left her with nothing but four little children, and an unshaken confidence in God. Her words, her look, her whole carriage were of a piece, and shewed the dignity of Christian sorrow. I could not but admire, that God should send me just at such a time! And her tears were turned into tears of joy.

In the evening I preached at *Waterford*, in a court, adjoining to the *Main-street*. Wednesday 7. Four of the *white-boys*, lately condemned for breaking open houses, were executed. They were all, notwithstanding the absolution of their priest, ready to die for

fear of death. Two or three of them laid fast hold on the ladder, and could not be *persuaded* to let it go. One in particular gave such violent shrieks, as might be heard near a mile off. O what but love can cast out the fear of death. And how inexpressibly miserable is that bondage!

On this and the two following days, God remembered poor *Waterford* also. Several backsliders were healed: many awoke out of sleep. And some mightily rejoiced in God their Saviour.

Saturday 10. We rode to *Kilkenny*, one of the pleasantest, and the most antient cities in the kingdom: and not inferior to any at all in wickedness, or in hatred to *this way*. I was therefore glad of a permission to preach in the Town-hall; where a small, serious company attended in the evening. Sunday 11, I went to the cathedral, one of the best built which I have seen in *Ireland*. The pillars are all of black marble. But the late Bishop ordered them to be white-washed! Indeed marble is so plentiful near this town, that the very streets are paved with it.

At six in the evening I began preaching in the old bowling-green, near the castle. Abundance of people, protestants and papists, gathered from all parts. They were very still during the former part of the sermon. Then the papists ran together, set up a shout, and would have gone further: but they were restrained, they knew not how. I turned to them and said, "Be silent, or be gone!" Their noise ceased, and we heard them no more. So I resumed, and went on with my discourse, and concluded without interruption.

When I came out of the green, they gathered again and gnashed upon me with their teeth. One cried out, "O what is *Kilkenny* come to?" But they could go no farther. Only two or three large stones were thrown: but none was hurt, save he that threw them. For as he was going to throw again, one seized him by the neck, and gave him a kick and a cuff, which spoiled his diversion.

Monday

Monday 12. I went to *Dunmore* cave, three or four miles from *Kilkenny*. It is full as remarkable as *Poole's hole*, or any other in the *Peak*. The opening is round, parallel to the horizon, and 70 or 80 yards across. In the midst of this, there is a kind of arch, 20 or 30 feet high. By this you enter into the first cave, nearly round, and 40 or 50 foot in diameter. It is incompassed with spar stones, just like those on the sides of *Poole's hole*. On one side of the cave, is a narrow passage, which goes under the rock two or three hundred yards: on the other, an hollow, which no one has ever been able to find an end of. I suppose the hole too, as well as many others, was formed by the waters of the deluge, retreating into the great abyss, with which probably it communicates.

Tuesday 13. I rode to *Birr*. About forty persons attended in the evening, and half as many in the morning. I saw there was but one way to do any good. So in the evening I preached abroad. I had then hundreds of hearers, and God himself spoke to many a cold heart. The next morning at five, the room was full, and light sprung out of darkness: so that many poor, withered souls began to revive, and rejoice again in God their Saviour.

Thursday 15. I took my old standing in the market-place at *Mountmelick*. But the next evening the rain drove us into the market-house. Afterward we had a joyful love-feast. Indeed hitherto God has been pleased, to mark all our way with blessings.

Saturday 17. I went on to poor dead *Portarlington*. And no wonder it should be so, while the preachers coop themselves up in a room with twenty or thirty hearers. I went strait to the market place, and cried aloud, *Hearken! Behold, a sower went forth to sow. God made his word quick and powerful, and sharp as a two-edged sword.* Abundantly more than the room could contain, were present, at five in the morning. At eight I began in the market-place again, on *How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?* Solemn attention sat on every face, and God repeated his call to many hearts.

In the evening I preached in the market-place at *Tullamore*, Monday 19. Between two and three in the morning, was such thunder and lightning as I never knew in *Europe*. The crack and the flash were in the same instant. Most of the houses shook : and yet no hurt was done in the whole town. But some good was done ; for at five o'clock, the preaching-house was quite filled. And the inward voice of the Lord was mighty in operation : This also was a glorious voice !

Tuesday 20. We had our quarterly meeting at *Cooly-lough*. On Wednesday, I preached at *Clara* : Thursday 22, at *Tyrrels-pass*, and on Friday went on to *Edinderry*. Here I found some who had been long labouring in the fire, and toiling to work themselves into holiness. To shew them a more excellent way, I preached on *Rom. x. 6, 7, 8*. They found this was the very thing they wanted : And at the meeting of the society, God confirmed the word of his grace in so powerful a manner, that many wondered, how they could help believing.

Saturday 24. I rode to *Dublin*, and found the flame not only continuing, but increasing. The congregation used to be small on Saturday night : but it was as large now, as formerly on Sunday. Monday 26. at five in the morning the congregation was larger than it used to be in the evening. And in these two days and an half, four persons gave thanks, for a sense of God's pardoning mercy : and seven (among whom were a mother and her daughter) for being perfected in love.

The person by whom chiefly it had pleased God, to work this wonderful work, was *John Manners*, a plain man, of middling sense, and not eloquent, but rather rude in speech : one who had never before been remarkably useful, but seemed to be raised up for this single work. And as soon as it was done, he fell into a consumption, languished a while, and died.

I now found he had not at all exceeded the truth, in the accounts he had sent me from time to time.

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In one of his first letters, after I left the town, he says, "The work here is such as I never expected to see. Some are justified or sanctified almost every day. This week three or four were justified, and as many, if not more, renewed in love. The people are all on fire. Such a day as last Sunday I never saw. While I was at prayer in the society, the power of the Lord overshadowed us, and some cried out, "Lord, I *can* believe." The cry soon became general with strong prayers. Twice I attempted to sing: but my voice could not be heard. I then desired them to restrain themselves, and in stillness and composure to wait for the blessing: on which all but two or three, who could not refrain, came into a solemn silence. I prayed again, and the softening power of grace was felt in many hearts. Our congregations increase much, and I have no doubt, but we shall see greater things than these."

Four days after he writes, "The work of God increases every day. There is hardly a day, but some are justified, or sanctified, or both. On Thursday, three came and told me, that *the blood of Jesus Christ* had *cleansed* them *from all sin*. One of them told me, she had been justified seven years, and had been five years convinced of the necessity of sanctification. But this *easy* conviction availed not. A fortnight since she was seized with so *keen* a conviction, as gave her no rest, till God had sanctified her, and witnessed it to her heart."

Three days after (*May 11!*) he writes thus: "God still continues his marvellous loving kindness to us. On Sunday last *Dor. Ring* entered into *the rest*. She had been seeking it for some time. But her convictions and desires grew stronger and stronger, as the hour approached. A while ago she told me, she grew worse and worse, and her inward conflicts were greater than ever. But on the Lord's day she felt an entire change, while these words were spoke to her heart, *Thou art all fair, my love: there is no spot in thee*. She now walks in sweet peace and re-

joices evermore. Her father received the blessing a few days before her, and is exceeding happy.

"The fire catches all that come near. An old soldier, in his return from *Germany* to the north of *Ireland*, fell in one night with these wrestling *Jacobs*, to his great astonishment. He was justified seventeen years ago, but afterward fell from it for five years. As he was going to *Germany*, in the beginning of the war, the Lord healed him in *Dublin*: and in spite of all the distresses of a severe campaign, he walked in the light continually. On his return thro' *London* he was convinced of the necessity of sanctification. And soon after he came hither, his heart was broken in pieces, while he was with a little company, who meet daily for prayer. One evening as they were going away he stopped them, and begged they would not go 'till the Lord had blessed him. They kneeled down again, and did not cease wrestling with God, 'till he had a witness, that he was saved from all sin.

"The case of Mr. *Timmins* is no less remarkable. He had been a notorious sinner. He was deeply wounded two months since. Ten days ago, on a Friday, God spake peace to his soul. The Sunday following, after a violent struggle, he sunk down as dead. He was cold as clay. After about ten minutes he came to himself, and cried, "A new heart, a new heart." He said, "He felt himself in an instant entirely emptied of sin and filled with God." Brother *Barry* likewise had been justified but a few days, before God gave him purity of heart.

May 15. he writes, "God still makes me a messenger of good tidings. His work goes on. Our last night's meeting was remarkable for the presence and power of God, while several were relating what he had done. One said, "All that day in which God delivered me, I felt the blessing just at hand, but could not open my heart to receive it. I was fast shut up, 'till under the sermon in the evening, I felt God open my heart, remove the bar of unbelief, and gave me power to receive the blessing freely.

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" There are now three places in the city, wherein as many as have opportunity assemble day and night, to pour out their souls before God, for the continuance and enlargement of his work."

May 29. " Since my last account many have been sanctified and several justified. One of the former is *Wm. Moor*. He was a long time struggling for the blessing. And one night he was resolved, not to go to bed without it. He continued wrestling with God for two hours, when he felt a glorious change, and the spirit of God witnessing that the work was done.

" We begin now to meet with opposition from every quarter. Some say, " This is rank enthusiasm:" others, that it is " rather a cheat, or mere pride:" others, that it is " a new thing," and that they " can find no such thing in the bible."

June 3. " The Lord increases his work, in proportion to the opposition it meets with. Between Monday morning and Tuesday night, I have had eight bills of thanksgiving: for two justified, three renewed in love, and three backsliders healed."

June 15. " There is no end of the mercies of God. Three days of this week are gone, in which God has justified five sinners. On Sunday in the afternoon, I preached at three in the Barrack-square. And a more solemn time I have not seen. The hearers were as many as my voice could reach, and all remarkably attentive.

" In the evening a cry ran thro' the society, and four were justified that night. Two of these *Alexander Tate* and his wife, were but lately joined. The power of God first seized her, and constrained her to cry aloud, 'till she heard the still, small voice. He continued calling upon God, and would not cease, before God answered him also in the joy of his heart."

Saturday, June 19. " We have had eight this week, whose sins are blotted out, and two more have entered into that rest. One of them says, she has enjoy'd the love of God nine years; but felt as great a difference between that state; and the state she is now in, as if her soul was taken into heaven!"

June

June 26. " Last week eleven were justified, or sanctified, and this week eleven more; eight of whom received remission of sins, and three a clean heart. And a troop are waiting for the moving of the water. Among them whom the power of God has seized lately, are two eminent sinners, each of whom lived with a woman, to whom he was never married. One of them already rejoices in God; the other mourns and will not be comforted. But the women are gone: they put away the accursed thing immediately.

" I had much fear about the children, lest our labour should be lost upon them. But I find, we shall reap, if we faint not. *Margaret Roper*, about eight years old, has been thoughtful for some time. The other day, while they were at family-prayer, she burst into tears, and wept bitterly. They asked, what was the matter? She said, " she was a great sinner, and durst not pray." They bad her go to bed. She no sooner came into the chamber, than she began crying, and clapping her hands, so that they heard her across the street. But God soon bound up her broken heart. Being asked, how she felt herself? She said, " ten times better. Now I can love God. I wish you would sit up and sing with me all night." She has been happy ever since, and as serious as one of forty."

July 3. " Our joy is now quite full. The flame rises higher and higher. Since Saturday last, eight sinners more are freely justified, and two more renewed in love. Our house was once large enough: now it is scarce able to contain us. And we have not many in the society, who are not either wrestling with God for his love or rejoicing therein."

Thus far the account of *John Manners*, quite unadorned, but plain and sensible.

Upon farther examination I found three or four, and forty in *Dublin*, who seemed to enjoy the pure love of God. At least forty of these had been set at liberty within four months. Some others, who had received the same blessing, were removed out of the city. The same, if not a larger number, had found remission

remission of sins. Nor was the hand of the Lord shortened yet: he still wrought as swiftly as ever.

In some respects the work of God in this place was more remarkable than even that in *London*. 1. It is far greater, in proportion to the time, and to the number of people. That society had above seven and twenty hundred members: this, not a fifth part of the number. Six months after the flame broke out there, we had about thirty witnesses of the great salvation. In *Dublin* there were above forty, in less than four months. 2. The work was more pure. In all this time, while they were mildly and tenderly treated, there were none of them headstrong or unadvisable, none that were wiser than their teachers: none who dreamed of being immortal, or infallibly incapable of temptation: in short, no whimsical or enthusiastic persons. All were calm, and sober-minded.

I know, several of these were in process of time moved from their *steadfastness*. I am nothing surprized at this: it was no more than might be expected: I rather wonder, that more were not moved. Nor does this in any degree alter my judgment, concerning the great work which God then wrought.

Tuesday 27. I received a comfortable letter from *Edinderry*. "When you came hither, Satan had gained such an advantage over us, that few even of the society would read your sermons, saying, they were nothing but the law. But God has now taught us better." His power fell upon us first in the preaching, but abundantly more when the society met. At that time many who were in heaviness, were filled with consolation. And two of the old believers were constrained to declare, they believed God had cleansed them from all sin.

Wednesday 18. I received farther accounts from *Limerick*: one letter ran thus.

July 20. 1762.

"There is a glorious work going on at *Limerick*. Twelve or fourteen have a clear sense of being renewed. Several have been justified this week: and
on

On Sunday night, at the meeting of the society, there was such a cry as I scarce ever heard before, such confession of sins, such pleading with the Lord, and such a spirit of prayer, as if the Lord himself had been visibly present among us. Some received remission of sins, and several were just brought to the birth. All were in floods of tears: they trembled, they cried, they prayed, they roared aloud; all of them lying on the ground. I began to sing: yet they could not rise, but sang as they lay along. When we concluded, some of them could not go away, but stayed in the house all night. And blessed be our Lord, they all hitherto walk worthy of their calling."

Another writes,

"I will just tell you, the Lord has made your last visit to us a great blessing. Such times were never before in *Limerick*. The fire which broke out before you left us, is now spreading on every side. Four were happy before you left us: several others can now rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing. And this certainly they could not do, did they not love God with all their heart."

A third letter, dated *July 25*, says,

"Blessed be God, his word runs swiftly. Last night his power was present indeed: and another was assured, that God who had before forgiven his sins, had now *cleansed him from all unrighteousness*. There are now ten women and thirteen men, who witness the same confession. And their lives agree thereto. Eight have lately received the remission of their sins. And many are on the full stretch for God, and just ready to step into the pool." Hence it appears, that in proportion to the time, which was only three or four weeks, and the number of hearers, (not one half, if a third part) the work of God was greater in *Limerick*, than even in *Dublin* itself.

Thursday 29. I was informed of a remarkable instance of divine mercy. An harmless, unawaken'd young woman came to one of the meetings for prayer in *Dublin*. While they were praying, she felt herself a sinner, and began crying aloud for mercy.

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And when they rose to go away, she cried with a bitter cry, "what, must I go without Christ?" They began praying again; and in a short time, she was aloud in praising God for his pardoning mercy.

No less remarkable was the case of *Alexander Tate*. He and his wife were present, where a few were met for prayer. Her sorrow was quickly turned into joy. Her husband, who was before little awaken'd, was just then cut to the heart, and felt the wrath of God abiding on him. Nor did he cease crying to God, 'till his prayers and tears were swallowed up in thanksgiving. So here are two instances of persons both convinced and converted in the same hour.

Saturday 31. Altho' I never before felt such an union of heart with the people of *Dublin*, yet believing my present work in *Ireland* was ended, I cheerfully commended them to God, and embarked on board the *Dorset* for *Park-gate*. We weighed anchor at eight in the evening, Between nine and ten on Sunday morning, the captain asked me, "If I would not go to prayers with them?" All who were able to creep out were willingly present. After prayers I preached on *Prov. iii. 17*. We had scarce any wind when I began. But while I was preaching it sprung up, and brought us to *Park-gate* between six and seven.

Monday 2. I rode on to *Chester*. Never was the society in such a state before. Their jars and contentions were at an end, and I found nothing but peace and love among them. About twelve of them believed they were saved from sin, and their lives did not contradict their profession. Most of the rest were strongly athirst for God, and looking for him continually.

Tuesday 3. I was desired to preach at *Northwich*. And one had stuck up notices in all parts of the town. But what place had they for me to preach in? Only a little room, which would hold about fifty people. Between twelve and one they gathered from all parts, noisy and rude enough, I could not stand in the yard, without just facing the sun. So I stood

stood at the casement, that those without might hear, that is, if they had a mind to it. But a great part of them had no such intention. They came only, either for sport, or mischief. However they were pretty quiet, 'till I had done. Our friends would then have persuaded me to stay, 'till the mob was dispersed. But as they grew louder and louder, I judged it best, to walk immediately thro' the midst of them. Many things were thrown, but nothing touched me, 'till I took horse, and rode to *Manchester*.

Here I received letters from *Congleton* in *Cheshire*, and *Burslem* in *Staffordshire*, Part of the former ran thus.

August 1, 1762.

"The work of God for some time stood still here. But at the love-feast, on the 21st of *March* last, (glory for ever be to God!) there was an out-pouring of his spirit among us. Five persons were assured of their acceptance with God, of whom, by his free grace, I was one: Four believed, he had not only forgiven their sins, but likewise cleansed them from all unrighteousness. Many more have since found him gracious and merciful: nor is his hand yet stayed at all."

Part of the other is as follows.

"Before Mr. *Furz* came into these parts, we were biting and devouring one another. And many who once had known God, were in their works denying him. The society in general was cold and dead, and only two were converted to God in a whole year. But, glory be to God, the case is now altered. Those grievances are removed. The power of God is present with us, and the fire of his love is kindled among us. We are very weak, but, blessed be God, we are all alive. Many are crying out in the bitterness of their souls; "God be merciful to me a sinner." Sometimes we have had two, at other times six or seven justified in one week. Others find the very remains of sin destroyed, and wait to be filled with all the fulness of God."

Wednesday 4. I rode to *Liverpool*, where also was such a work of God, as had never been known there before. We had a surprizing congregation in the

the evening, and as it seemed, all athirst for God. This, I found, had begun here likewise, in the latter end of *March*. And from that time it had continually increased, 'till a little before I came, nine were justified in one hour. The next morning I spoke severally with those who believed they were sanctified. They were fifty one in all, twenty one men, twenty one widows or married women, and nine young women or children. In one of these the change was wrought, three weeks after she was justified, in three, seven days after it, in one, five days, and in *Sus. Lutwich*, aged fourteen, two days only. I asked *Hannah Blakeley*, aged eleven, "what do you want now?" She said, with amazing energy, the tears running down her cheeks, "nothing in this world: nothing but more of my Jesus." How often out of the mouth of babes and sucklings dost thou perfect praise!

Friday 6. I was informed of the flame, which had broken out at *Bolton*. One writing to Mr. *Furz*, described a little of it in the following words. "Glory be to God, he is doing wonders among us. Since you left us, there have been seven (if not more) justified, and six sanctified at one meeting. Two of these were (I think) justified and sanctified, in less than three days. O what a meeting was our last class-meeting! In three minutes or less, God, quite unexpectedly convinced an old opposer of the truth, and wounded many. I never felt the abiding presence of God so exceeding powerful before."

I preached at *Macclesfield* in the evening, to a people ready prepared for the Lord. An impetuous shower began, just as we came into the town: but it did us no hurt. Enquiring how the revival here began, I received the following account. In *March* last, after a long season of dryness and barrenness, one Monday night *John Oldham* preached. When he had done, and was going away, a man fell down, and cried aloud for mercy. In a short time, so did several others. He came back, and wrestled with God in prayer for them. About twelve he

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retired,

retired, leaving some of the brethren, who resolved to wrestle on, 'till they had an answer of peace. They continued in prayer 'till six in the morning, and nine prisoners were set at liberty.

They met again the next night, and six or seven more were filled with peace and joy in believing. So were one or two more every night 'till the Monday following, when there was another general shower of grace. And many believed that *the blood of Christ had cleansed them from all sin.*

I spoke to these (forty in all) one by one. Some of them said, they received that blessing, ten days, some seven, some four, some three days after they found peace with God. And two of them the next day. What marvel? Since one day is with God as a thousand years?

The Case of *Ann Hooley* was peculiar. She had often declared, "The *Methodist's* God shall not be my God, I will sooner go to hell, than I will go to heaven in their way." She was standing in the street with two young women, when *John Oldham* passing by, spoke to one and the other, and went on. She burst into tears, and said, "what, am I so great a sinner, that he wo'n't speak to me? About twelve, he was sent for in all haste. He found her in deep distress, but continued in prayer, 'till all her trouble was gone, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour. Yet three nights after she was in much distress again, crying, "I have a wicked heart, and I cannot rest 'till God takes it away." He did so in a few hours. Ever since she has been a pattern to all the young people in the town. She was thirteen years old. In about a year, her spirit returned to God.

Saturday 7. I made one more trial at *Northwich*, preaching in Mr. *Page's* yard. Abundance of people flocked together, nor did any one oppose, or make the least disturbance. And when I afterward rode quite thro' the town, I had not one uncivil word.

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In the evening I spoke with those at *Manchester*, who believed God had cleansed their hearts. They were sixty three in number; to about sixty of whom I could not find there was any reasonable objection.

Monday 9. I preached at *Eland* and *Birfal* in my way to *Leeds*, where our conference began on Tuesday morning. And we had great reason to praise God for his gracious presence, from the beginning to the end.

Sunday 15. I preached about one at *Birfal*, and in the morning and evening at *Leeds*. I then rode about eighteen miles: on Monday morning I preached at *Sheffield*, and in the evening came to *Derby*. I had sent word, that I did not intend to preach. But after I had rested a while in my chamber, coming down and finding the house full of people, I spoke to them half an hour in a familiar manner, and then spent some time in prayer. I believe, God touched some of their hearts. Indeed it seemed, none were unmoved.

Tuesday 17. We rode to *Northampton*, the next day to *Sundom*, and on Thursday 19, to *London*. Friday 20. As I expected, the sower of tares had not been idle, during my five month's absence. But I believe great part of his work was undone in one hour, when we met at *West-street*. I pointed out to those who had more heat than light, the snares which they had well nigh fallen into. And hitherto they were of an humble, teachable spirit. So for the present the snare was broken.

Saturday 21. My brother and I had a long conversation with Mr. *Maxfield*, and freely told him what ever we disliked. In some things we found, he had been blamed without cause: others he promised to alter: so we were thoroughly satisfied with the conversation, believing all misunderstandings were now removed.

Monday 23. I set out, and on Tuesday reached *Bristol*. After spending two days there, on Friday 27. I set out for the west, and having preached at *Shepton* and *Middlesey* in the way, came on Saturday to *Exeter*.

When I began the service there, the congregation, (beside ourselves) were two women, and one man. Before I had done, the room was about half-full. This comes of omitting field-preaching.

Sunday 29. I preached at eight on *Southney-Green*, to an extremely quiet congregation. At the cathedral we had an useful sermon, and the whole service was performed with great seriousness and decency. Such an organ I never saw or heard before, so beautiful and so finely toned. And the musick of "Glory be to God in the highest," I think exceeded the Messiah itself. I was well pleased to partake of the Lord's Supper, with my old opponent, Bishop *Lavington*. O may we sit down together, in the kingdom of our Father!

At five I went to *Southney-Green* again, and found a multitude of people. But a lewd, profane, drunken vagabond had so stirred up many of the baser sort, that there was much noise, hurry, and confusion. While I was preaching, several things were thrown, and much pains taken to overturn the table. And after I concluded, many endeavoured to throw me down; but I walked thro' the midst and left them.

Monday 30. We rode to *Plymouth-dock*. Wednesday 2. I came about two to *Poleperrow*, a little village, four hours ride from *Plymouth-passage*, surrounded with huge mountains. However abundance of people had found the way thither. And so had Satan too. For an old, grey-headed sinner, was bitterly cursing all the *Methodists*, just as we came into the town. However God gave his blessing, both to us and the congregation.

In the evening I preached at *Medras*, the next evening in *St. Austle*, and on Friday 4. at *Mevagizzy*. Saturday 5. After preaching in *Grampond*, I rode on to *Truro*. I almost expected, there would be some disturbance, as it was market-day, and I stood in the street at a small distance from the market. But all was quiet. Indeed both persecution and popular tumult seem to be forgotten in *Cornwall*.

Sunday

Sunday 6. As I was inforcing in the same place those solemn words, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,* a poor man began to make some tumult. But many cried out, "constables, take him away." They did so, and the hurry was over. At one I preached in the main street at *Redruth*, where rich and poor were equally attentive. The wind was so high at five, that I could not stand in the usual place at *Gwenap*. But at a small distance was a hollow, capable of containing many thousand people. I stood on one side of this amphitheatre toward the top, with the people beneath and on all sides, and enlarged on those words in the gospel for the day, *Luke x. 23. Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see, and which hear the things that ye hear.*

Monday 7. I preached at *Pennryn*: Tuesday 8. at *Portkellis* about one o'clock. Thence I rode on to *Mullion*, near the *Lizard-point*. A man who was a sinner, gladly received us. For he knew, God had received him; having been deeply convinced of sin, the last time I preached near *Helfton*, and not long after filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

A flame was kindled almost as soon as I began to speak, which increased more and more, all the time I was preaching, as well as during the meeting of the society. How tender are the hearts of the people! Such is the advantage of true, Christian simplicity!

Wednesday 8. The congregation at *St. John's*, near *Helfton*, was thrice as large as when I was there before. The next day, I preached at *Codwan* at noon, and at *Penhale* (in *Breag*) in the evening. Friday 10. I preached on *St. Hilary downs*, to a congregation gathered from all parts. Abundance of them were athirst for God. And he did not deceive their hope. The cry of the mourners went up before him. And he sent down an answer of peace.

Saturday 11. I preached at one on the cliff, near *Penzance*, and in the evening at *Newn*. Sunday 12.

At eight God was in the midst, and many hearts were broken in pieces. Between one and two I preached at *St. Crett*, where I never was before. Abundance of strangers came from every side. And I believe not many went empty away. Hence we rode to *St. Just*, where I spent two comfortable nights, the congregations being very large, evening and morning. Tuesday 14. I preached in *Lelant* about one, and in the evening, near the key at *St. Ives*. Two or three pretty butterflies came, and looked, and smiled, and went away. But all the rest of the numerous congregation, behaved with the utmost seriousness.

Wednesday 15. We had our quarterly meeting. The next day I appointed the children to meet. I expected twenty. But I suppose we had fourscore: all of them wanting, many desiring instruction.

The more I converse with the believers in *Cornwall*, the more I am convinced, that they have sustained great loss, for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian Perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, wherever this is not done, the believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love. I say, an *hourly expectation*: for to expect it at *Death*, or *some time hence*, is much the same as not expecting it at all.

Friday 17. At one I preached in *Illuggan*; at six near *Redruth*, at a gentleman's house, in a large court, shaded with trees. It was so calm that hardly a leaf moved. Saturday 18. I preached once more in the street at *Redruth*, and in *St. Agnes*, in the evening. I preached again at eight in the morning, and afterwards heard an excellent sermon at church, preached by the rector, Mr. *Walker*, elder brother to the late Mr. *Walker* of *Truro*. He likewise gave notice of his design to preach in the afternoon, a funeral sermon for Mr. *Phelps*, his late curate, a man eminently humble, serious and zealous for God. He was snatched away by a fever three weeks since, as was his predecessor, Mr. *Vowler*, three or four years before: another upright, zealous servant of God, and indefatigable

defatigable in his labour. How strange a providence is this? Who can account for it? Did the God of love take them away, that they might not out of zeal for him, continue to oppose their fellow-labourers in the gospel?

Mr. Walker gave him his due praise, in a strong and pathetic sermon, well wrote and well pronounced. Concluding with, "God grant me, (and I believe you will all join in the petition) like him to live, like him to die."

Just as the service was ended, it began to rain. The wind also was exceeding high. This created some difficulty. No house could contain the people, neither could I preach, as before, on the top of the hill. I therefore made an halt at the bottom. The congregation gathered round me in a few minutes. We were tolerably sheltered from the wind, and the rain ceased till I had done. I particularly advised all that feared God, to confirm their love to each other, and to provoke each other, not to doubtful disputations, but to love, and to good works.

The night came on soon after we were on horse-back, and we had eight miles to ride. In about half an hour, it was so dark, I could not see my hand; and it rained incessantly. However, a little after eight, God brought us safe to *St. Kubert*. I preached at the *Church-town* the next day, and on Tuesday 21. rode on to *Port-Isaac*. Here the stewards of the eastern circuit met. What a change is wrought in one year's time! That detestable practice of cheating the king is no more found in our societies. And since that accursed thing has been put away, the work of God has every where increased. This society, in particular, is more than doubled: and they are all alive to God. Friday 24. About two I preached at *Trewalder*, and found God was there also: but more abundantly at *Camelford*, in the evening, as well as at five on Saturday morning. In the afternoon, the rain intermitting, I preached in the market-place. And it was a solemn season.

Sunday

Sunday 26. After preaching at eight I left *Camelford*, now one of the liveliest places in *Cornwall*. About noon I preached at *Treawint*. It was fifteen years since I preached there before. Hence I rode to *Launceston*, to a people as dead, as those at *Camelford* were once. Yet how soon may these also be quickened, by the voice that raiseth the dead!

Monday 27. I rode to *Mary-Week*. It was a kind of fair day, and the people were come far and near, for wrestling and other diversions. But they found a better way of employing their time. For young and old flocked to church from all quarters. The next day I preached at *Mill-House*: on Wednesday, at *Collumpton*, and on Thursday 30, in the market-house at *Tiverton*.

About midnight I was waked by loud thunder, which continued about a quarter of an hour at *Tiverton*. In other places, we were afterwards informed, it continued great part of the night. Yet by comparing various accounts, I found the main flock was at the same time for near an hundred miles. So it seems there was a train of clouds for at least that space, which by an electrical touch, were all discharged at once.

Friday, October 1. I preached at *Taunton* and *Shepton-Mallet*, and on Saturday 2, rode on to *Bristol*. In the two following weeks I visited as many as I could of the societies in the country, as well regulated those of *Bristol* and *Kingwood*. Saturday 19. Being informed, that *James Oddie* coming to *Bristol*, was stopped at *Newport* by a pleuritic fever, I went to him directly. He recovered from that hour, and in two or three days followed me to *Bristol*.

The next week I went to many of the societies in *Somersetshire*. Monday 25. I preached at one in the shell of the new house at *Shepton-Mallet*. In digging the foundation, they found a quarry of stone, which was more than sufficient for the house. Thence I rode to *Wincanton*. The rain prevented my preaching abroad. So I willingly accepted the offer of a large meeting-house, where I preached to

a crowded audience, with much satisfaction: and again, at seven in the morning.

Abundance of rain fell in the night: so that in the morning we were blocked up: the river which runs by the side of the town, not being fordable. At length we made a shift to lead our horses over the foot-bridge, I preached at *Coleford* about noon, and at *Bristol* in the evening.

Thursday 28. One who had adorned the gospel in life and in death, having desired that I should preach her funeral sermon, I went with a few friends to the house, and sang before the body to the room. I did this the rather, to shew my approbation of that solemn custom, and to encourage others to follow it. As we walked, our company swiftly increased, so that we had a very numerous congregation at the room. And who can tell, but some of these, may bless God for it to all eternity?

Many years ago my brother frequently said, "Your day of Pentecost is not fully come. But I doubt not, it will. And you will then hear of persons sanctified, as frequently as you do now of persons justified." Any unprejudiced reader may observe, that it was now fully come. And accordingly we did hear of persons sanctified, in *London*, and most other parts of *England*, and in *Dublin*, and many other parts of *Ireland*, as frequently as of persons justified: although instances of the latter were far more frequent than they had been for twenty years before. That many of these did not retain the gift of God, is no proof, that it was not given them. That many do retain it at this day, is matter of praise and thanksgiving. And many of them are gone to him whom they loved, praising him with their latest breath: just in the spirit of *Ann Steed*, the first witness in *Bristol* of the great salvation: who being worn out with sickness and racking pain, after she had commended to God all that were round her, lifted up her eyes, cried aloud, "Glory! Hallelujah," and died.

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